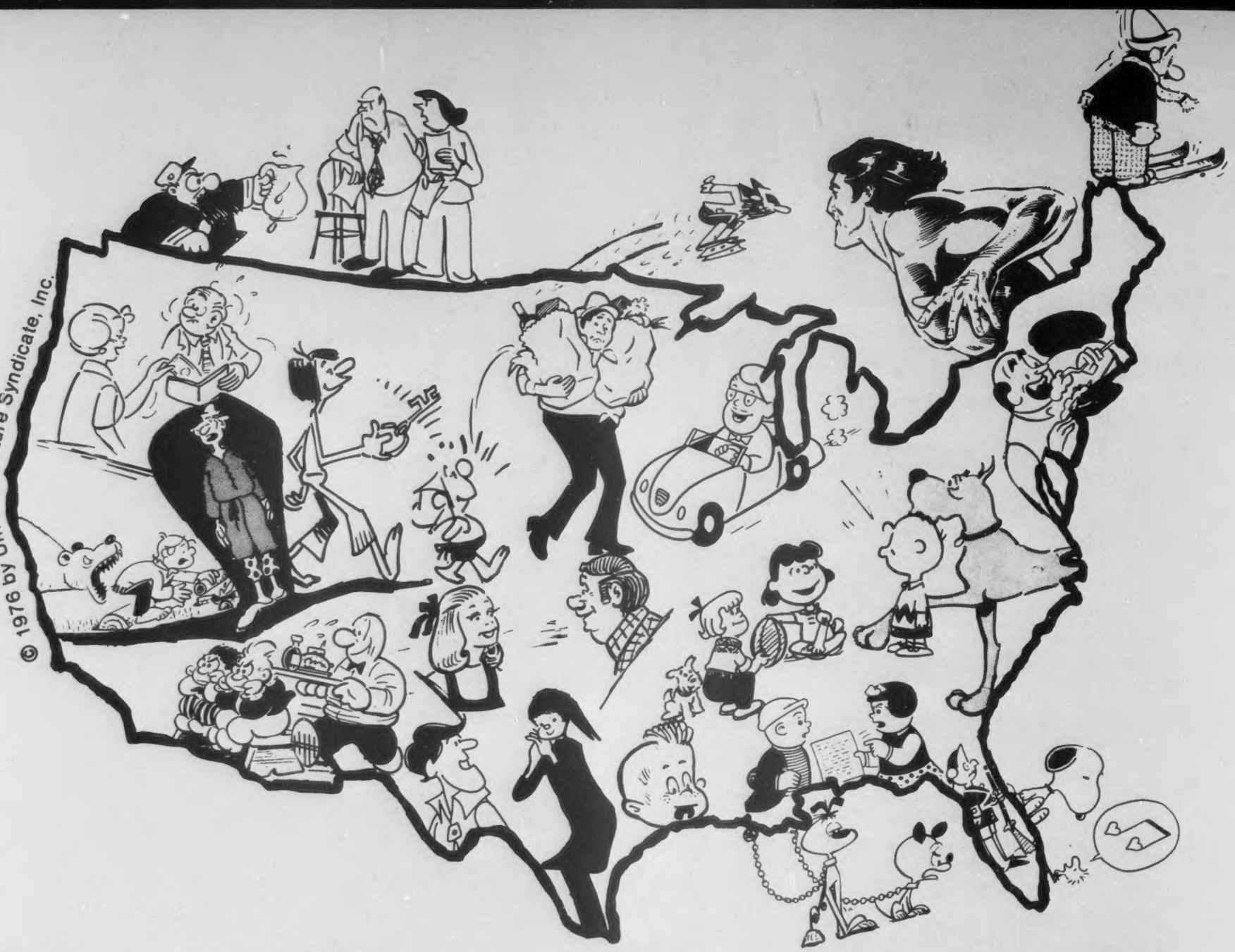
CARTOONIST PROfiles

In this issue you will find an exclusive interview with Bud Blake, the creator of the much-admired comic strip, TIGER, which is distributed by King Features.

NO. 29, March 1976 **$3**



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PAUSE...FOR A SMILE, daily cartoon (6tw)

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FUNNY FIZZLES is a new Sunday comic feature about—inventions. Inventions that fizzled. *FUNNY FIZZLES* is bound to delight your readers who love preposterous situations, what-might-have-been, a look at the past, trivia, and most of all, a genuine laugh.

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The Parachute Fire Escape, patented November 18, 1879. It consisted of a parachute attached to a hat, and thick, padded overshoes so a person could jump out of a burning building.

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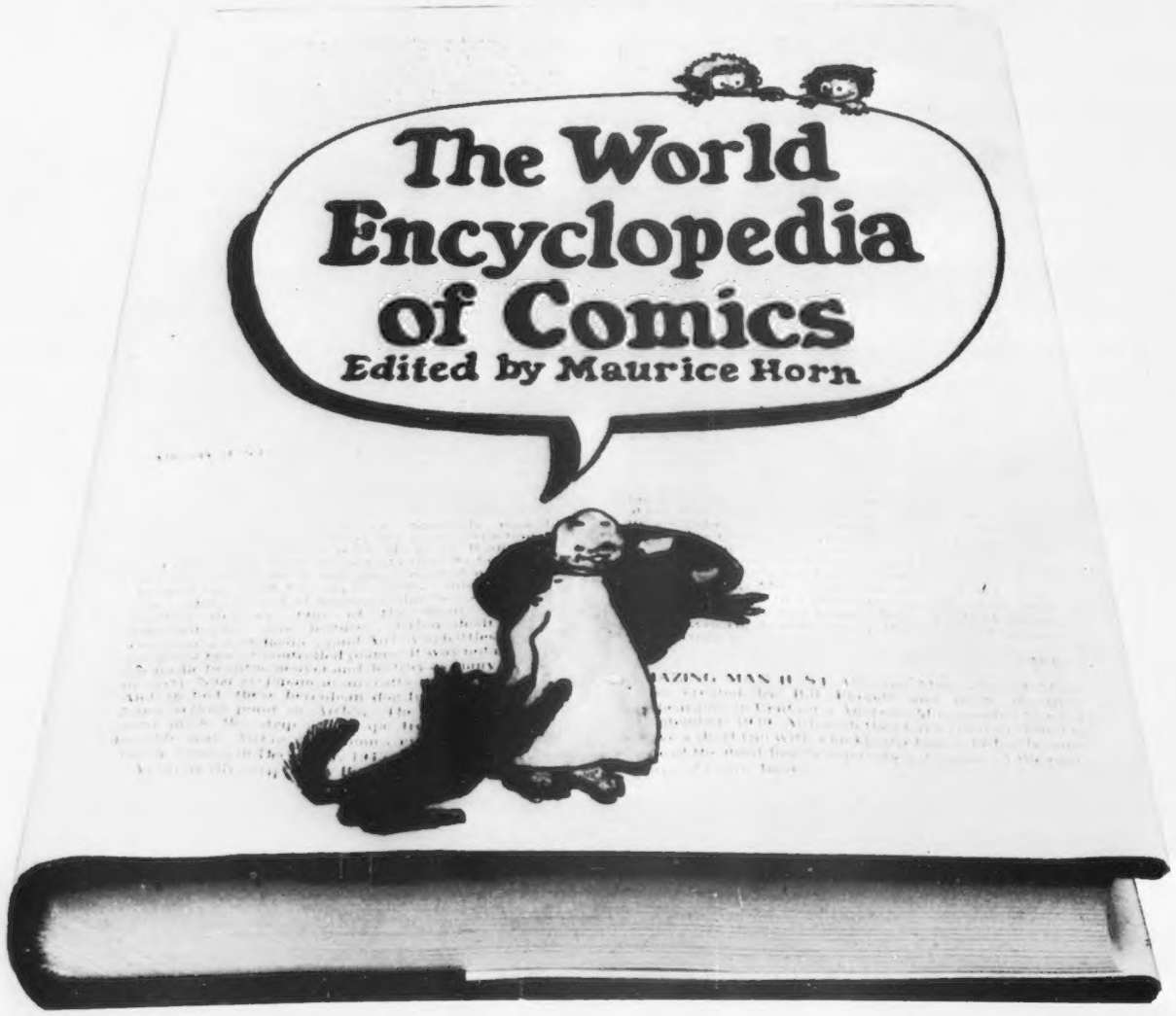

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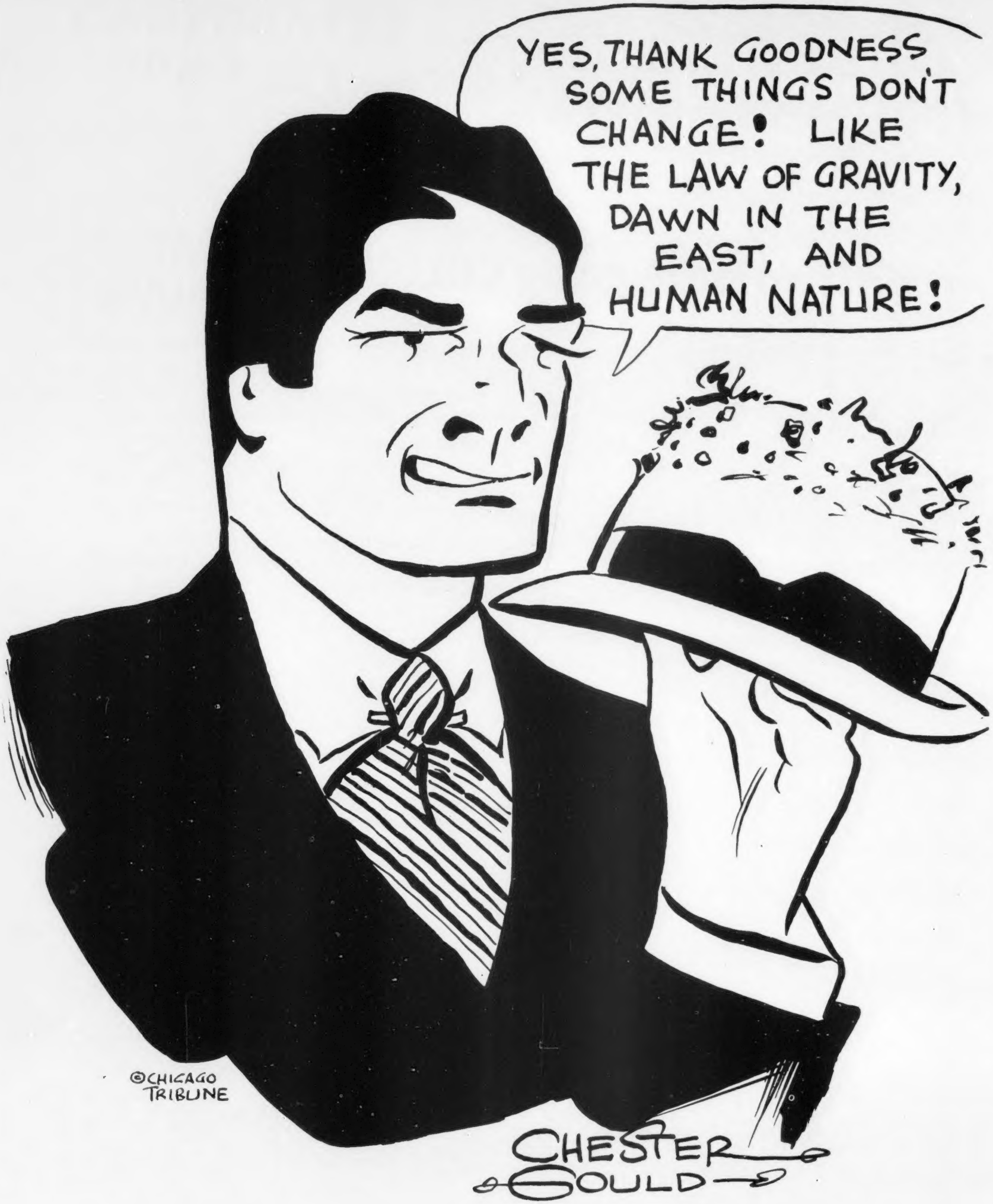
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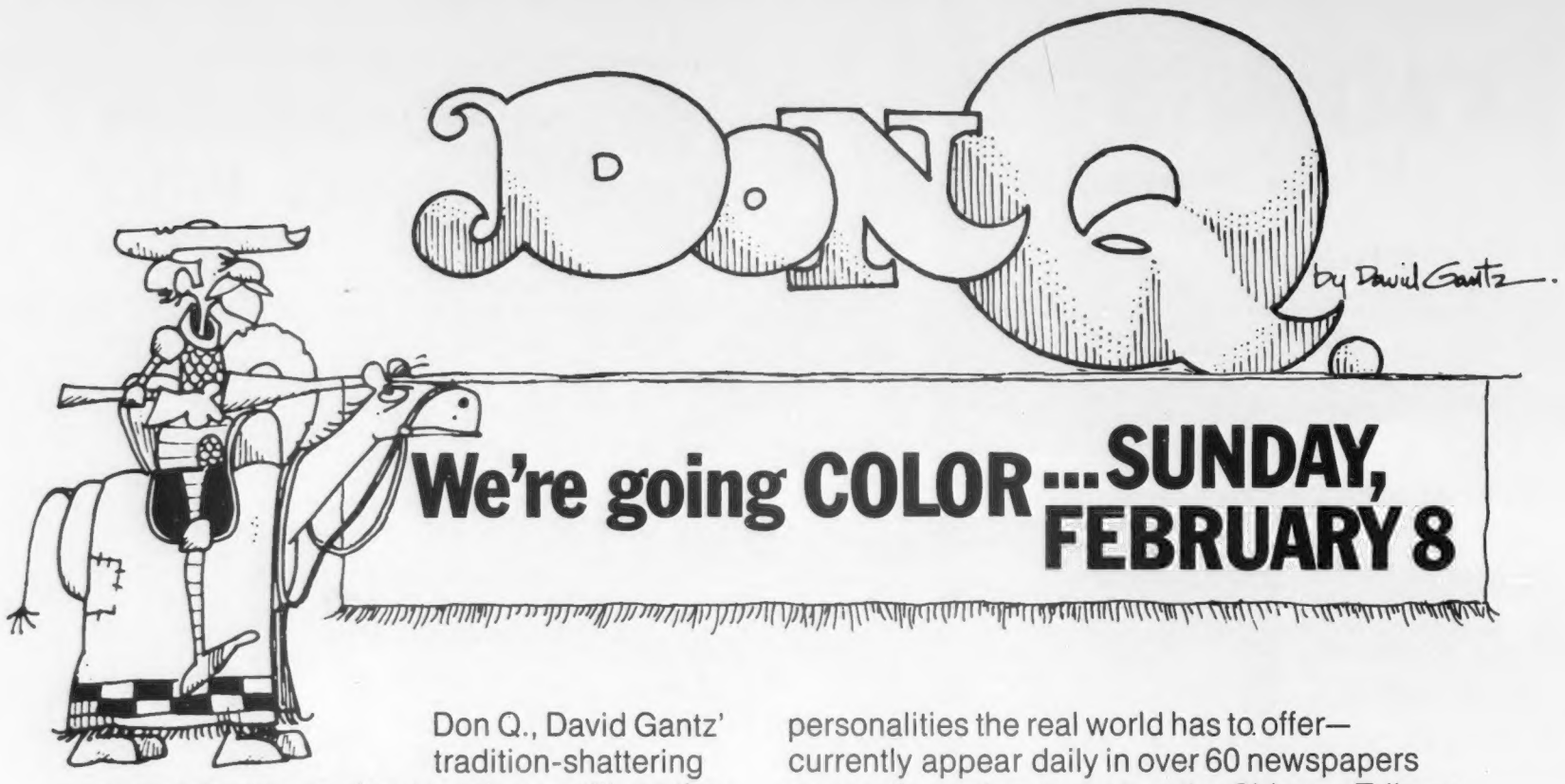

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by David Gantz
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BEATS ME.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
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HOW DO YOU PLAY THIS NEW GAME OF YOURS, ABDOOL?
WELL, FIRST YOU HIT THE ROCK WITH THIS CLUB...
...THEN, YOU RUN AFTER IT...
... AND HOPE IT FALLS INTO THAT HOLE I DUG!
PLOCK
HURRY, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
GURGLE
ANOTHER GUSHER- I LOSE!
WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS NEW GAME, ABDOOL?
GULF

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Times Square, New York, N.Y. 10036; (212) 556-1721

CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

No. 29, Mar. 1976

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SAID & DUNN

Bob Dunn is shown here receiving the Elzie Segar Award from J. F. D'Angelo (Right), President of King Features Syndicate, and Bill Gallo (Left), President of The National Cartoonists Society.

Our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, BOB DUNN, whose King Features "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoon appears around the world in nearly 500 newspapers, recently won the Fifth Annual Elzie Segar Award of the National Cartoonists Society for "outstanding contribution to the art of cartooning." Others who have received this prestigious award are Milton Caniff in 1971, Otto Soglow in 1972, Dik Browne in 1973, and Russell Patterson in 1974. The trophy is accompanied by a $500 honorarium. Elzie Segar, of course, was the creator of POPEYE.

by Bob Dunn

This is about Harry Foster Welch, the voice of Popeye... or one of the voices of Popeye. He was the vaudeville and banquet circuit and King Features version of Popeye... not the Fleischer animated cartoon voice.

Popeye Welch was a real ham... but a likable ham. He billed himself as the man of a thousand voices and he was great... for about twelve minutes. But he didn't know when to get off. He gave too much.

The first time I saw Harry was when King Features publicity man Dick Hyman had the cartoonists perform at some worthy benefit at the old Hippodrome on 44th St. and 6th Ave., just before it was torn down. I remember Charles Atlas the Strongman was on the bill. So were Vincent Lopez, Smith and Dale, Kate Smith, Jimmy Durante, the Cartoonists and Popeye with the special costume that the syndicate paid for to promote the cartoon feature. Part of his get-up consisted of flesh colored canvas arms just like the husky comic strip character had. A rubber nose and molded rubber jaw completed the make-up. Popeye carried a big can labeled spinach and walked around through the audience while the cartoonists' act was on. The cartoonists who drew their characters on a big easel were George McManus, Russ Westover, and Carter and Paul Frehm. It was the first time I saw Paul Frehm in action. He drew a pretty girl, front face, in colored chalk. He wowed the audience. George McManus was in the middle of drawing Jiggs when Welch began to sing "I'm Popeye the Sailorman" out in the audience, distracting attention from McManus. George hurried up and got through and announced he was turning the show over to Popeye. Welch sang his way to the big stage and went through his sound effects, his 1,000 voices, playing all the parts in a loose Popeye skit about an opera. He imitated Olive Oyl who was the soprano, the villain, the stage hands, Caruso, John McCormack and each individual instrument in the orchestra. He tickled the audience for ten minutes, but then you could feel him losing them. He stayed on for half an hour. Dan Healy, the Master of Ceremonies, had to come out, make an excuse about the late hour and get Harry off the stage. He spent the rest of the evening berating Healy and telling everybody how he was stopped before he got to his good stuff.

I brought Harry to a father and son sports dinner in New Jersey and laid down the law. He was to do ten minutes... the overture where he tuned up like the orchestra and then went into a symphony; next a short version of the Popeye skit finishing up with a Hawaiian

travelogue, using the sounds of airplanes, stringed instruments and the hula music of "Little Grass Shack." He promised to contain himself. He was seated at the head table. Right after the local clergyman said grace and before the soup was served, Welch was doing his act, for those around him, giving them a preview of what he'd later do as the guest speaker. He used his spoon and fork as drumsticks hitting plates, table, and waiters' trays. He carried on conversations in Popeye's voice with people at nearby tables. Then he'd be Olive Oyl and make comments on the other dais guests. He shot his bolt. By the time he was introduced the audience had had enough of him. He was like a headstrong child. Maybe a truer description would be "the hammiest of ham actors." Too bad he couldn't take stock of himself and improve with self-discipline because he had many, very many good qualities. He was kind, generous and kept his word; as for instance when he borrowed a good chunk of cash from me when I didn't know him too well. It was for some emergency that had arisen. I thought to myself, "I'll give it to him because I liked vaudeville." I really didn't think I had much chance of having it returned.

"When do you want it back?" asked Harry. I thought he was showing off how conscientious he was about setting a date. "You tell me" I told him.

"Well..let's see. How about before Christmas? Let's say the first week of December." I think it was August when he hit me up for the loan so he was giving himself plenty of time to forget about it, I figured. I agreed to his December deadline and mentally said "so long" to the money. Harry left cheerfully, with my dough giving the Popeye steamwhistle sound effect. I didn't see him again that summer. I heard he was down in Florida. Came the fall of the year ...September, October and November and I forgot about him. About the 3rd of December there was a distinctive knock on my office door like Buddy Rich doing a drum solo. The door opened. It was Harry Welch talking in his Popeye voice "Blow me down! Ahoy, Sweetpea, how's the poop-deck? Arf, Arf, Arf..." I asked him what brought him to town.

"I came to give you your dough back. I told you I'd pay up first week of December, remember?" He pulled out the money and held it out to me. I was pleasantly surprised and felt guilty for not expecting him to keep his word. I even told him I didn't need the dough right then and that he could have it for longer if he could use it. "Naw! Take it! It's yours! I'm doing okay! And I said before Christmas, remember?"

The reason I like to tell this story is because of Harry's innate goodness and honesty. A little wacky he was. Trying on the nerves he could be. But there was a childish innocence and a sense of honor about him that was very rare.

About 1953 I was in the hospital on E 42nd St., New York. The name of the getwellery was "Hospital for Special Surgery" which was a big improvement over its first official name "The Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled." Honest! I was in a 4-bed room having a hernia vulcanized.

Some great guys visited me. Russell Patterson, Jimmy Hatlo, Harry Devlin, Rabbit Maranville, Dumb Dan Morgan the prize fight manager and Popeye. There was a kids' ward across the hall from where I was. Popeye opened my door, looked in at me, and standing half in and half out went into his act, drumming on the door, imitating a caliope and then playing the part of a hospital elevator operator in Boris Karloff's voice: "4th floor hernias, whooping cough and hysterectomies." Harry didn't need a mike. His voice carried. All over the hospital. In no time doctors, nurses and ambulatory patients were hurrying to see what all the racket was about. That kind of attention was all Popeye needed. Through the open door across the way he saw the faces of the children. Without missing a beat he marched into the roomful of kids doing Sousa leading *The Stars and Stripes Forever.*

The doctors and nurses didn't try to stop him. They probably thought it was some planned guest appearance that they hadn't been told about. Harry stayed for an hour doing every bit of material that came into his mind. I had often wondered how his larynx stood the strain. But it did. Irving Rudd, the Dodgers press agent, was visiting during Popeye's show and I sent him over to get Harry to stop. They both came back to my room. Welch asked a nurse if there were any other wards that needed entertainment. I suggested the cashier's office and the emergency ward but the nurse indicated that visiting hours were over and so was his starring engagement at the Bonesetters Bijou. Rudd filled me in later about what they did when they left me. They went to the Palm Restaurant at about 4 P.M. where Popeye did his act for the bar customers, off-duty waiters and kitchen help.

When the dinner crowd began to come in, Walter Ganzi invited Popeye to have dinner. Ganzi thought that the man of a thousand voices couldn't perform at the same time he was consuming the vittles. But to Ganzi's chagrin he was the life of the party between mouthfuls and he stayed on till closing time.

I'm telling how impossible it was to turn Popeye off before I give you my favorite Harry Foster Welch story.

Joe Connolly, boss of King Features Syndicate, had just signed up Harold Foster and was launching Prince Valiant. As a promotion stunt George McManus (Jiggs), columnist Bugs Baer and Popeye Welch were to accompany the creator of Prince Valiant on the crack railroad train "The Chief" to Hollywood, California from New York. This was when Welch first was hired by King. Nobody at King Features knew yet what an "on-too-long" pest he could be.

For the five-day train trip west the quartet of cartooners had two staterooms. McManus and Baer in one and aristocratic Harold Foster (it was said of him he looked like a society gynecologist) sharing a stateroom with Popeye Welch. McManus was the deputy host paying for everything, handling the tickets, etc. They assembled in George and Bugs' stateroom where they ordered drinks. Popeye who had been busy making sure his luggage and costume were on board now could unwind and relax. With the first sip Popeye started performing. His three companions got a kick out of it...for a little while. After ten minutes they were trying to escape. McManus suggested they go up to the smoking car thinking that Popeye would quiet down among strangers. They wended their way to the parlor car with Popeye rendering *Alexander's Ragtime Band* on the way. And he didn't stop when they took seats in the Club Car. In fact he began introducing Bugs, George and Hal to perfect strangers even though the Prince Valiant artist tried to look like he was traveling alone. The drinks kept flowing, Popeye kept fumphing on his imaginary instruments and Bugs and George began to enjoy Hal Foster's discomfiture.

For two days Popeye never let up. Hal Foster began to look wan. He wore a haunted look. There was no place for him to hide. Finally the train arrived in Chicago — the midway stop before going to the Coast. George and Bugs saw Hal talking earnestly to the conductor as the train slowed down. While Popeye was entertaining some strangers in the smoking section Hal Foster was getting ready to change trains. He told George and Bugs that the conductor said the train he was on would lay over for two hours and he could change to a west-coast train which would be pulling out in about half an hour. Hal bid his two friends good-bye, said he'd see them in the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel and followed his luggage off the train. George and Bugs shadowed him at a distance and watched as he changed his reservation. When he had finished his ticket swap and gone to his new train, George and Bugs sought out the Station Master, an old friend of the much-traveled McManus. He was a well-known greeter and good will ambassador for the railroad named Nick Murray and was happy to help out. George explained about Hal Foster changing trains to get away from Popeye and his idea for reuniting the pair. George proffered Popeye's ticket. Murray checked with the pullman ticket agent anent Foster's compartment number on the new train, took care of switching Popeye's reservation, got a redcap porter and then marched back with George and Bugs to *their* train.

Popeye was entertaining some puzzled kids on the platform as McManus and Co. came back to get him. Since George was the leader of the Troupe, Popeye did not question his directive.

"You and Hal Foster are changing to a better train. It leaves here earlier than this one. The West Coast Editors are anxious to get you guys there."

Popeye and Redcap got his bags and accoutrements and led by Station-master Murray and flanked by George and Bugs, proceeded to the train that was soon to pull out.

George added a nice touch as the little parade began. He did a brassband imitation of Sousa's *Washington Post March.* That's all Popeye needed. He led the band. He soloed on every instrument with appropriate gestures. He did the Mummer's Strut. He stopped traffic as other travelers stood to gape.

Station-master Murray halted the little band at the new train and sought out the conductor to whom he explained things. Popeye was to be hidden in the conductor's compartment until the train was under way, which luckily, because Popeye was hard to contain, would be in a few minutes. When the train was rolling *then* Popeye was to be brought to Hal Foster's cabin and unloosed. Popeye was probably aware of being used as an irritant but his not to reason why...as long as he could do his stuff.

The train finally began to slowly roll down the tracks. Our camera dollies back to pick out the people left behind on the platform. Some are waving, some throwing kisses. Some are drying tears. And as we fade out we see two well dressed men, one who looks like Jiggs and the other like Jimmy Durante holding each other up as they laugh maniacal guffaws and the sound track plays a spirited *Stars and Stripes Forever.* ●

TIGER

by
BUD
BLAKE
©KFS

BUD
BLAKE

TIGER
by BUD BLAKE
YOU TWO WANT TO COME TO THE STORE WITH ME?
FIRST WE PUT ON STRIPE'S LEASH
IT'S A PRETTY LONG LIST OF STUFF FOR US TO BUY, PUNKINHEAD
YOU CAN HELP CARRY THE BAGS
...AND PARTLY IT'S DOG FOOD FOR STRIPE
WE HAVE TO TIE HIM OUTSIDE
STORES DON'T LET DOGS INSIDE
NO DOGS
DID WE FORGET ANYTHING, TIGER?
LESSEE....BREAD, MILK, DOG FOOD, COOKIES....
NOPE— WE DIDN'T FORGET A THING!
BUD BLAKE 12-8
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BY

Jerry De Fuccio

Bud Blake's TIGER, distributed by KING FEATURES, invariably is the subject of enthusiastic praise from Bud's cartoonist colleagues. All those readers who've requested a story about him will especially enjoy the Blake interview on the following pages by Jerry De Fuccio, Associate Editor of MAD magazine. Jerry made several trips to Rumson, New Jersey, where Bud and his wife, Doris, live, to gather the material for this article which he's prepared exclusively for CARTOONIST PROfiles. One of those requests for a TIGER story came from Alex Toth, who is himself much admired by cartoonists, so we thought you'd like to hear some of his comments on Blake and on TIGER. Here's what Alex has to say: "Bud Blake's TIGER is 'Top of his class'!

"A continuing joy to one's funny bone and eyes — through the magic of Bud's cast of characters, warm humor, and artistic antics!

"His style is rich and unique — an 'original'! Possessing a keen sense of design, 'weighted' line quality, fine compositional values, and shapes, along with a good 'eye' for spotting blacks, Bud Blake draws a strip of truly fine artistic merit —!

"There's a solid, chunky quality to his figures and 'stage props' — he draws any facial expression or body attitude with a few crisp pen lines — and exemplary economy, throughout all other picture elements in his little panels!

"I find the study of his technical/artistic wizardry most rewarding — as well as lots of fun — re subject, gags and delineation!

"Bud's having a good time at work — and providing us all with the same, as we view it!

"I wish him the success he deserves — may his syndication markets increase tenfold!"

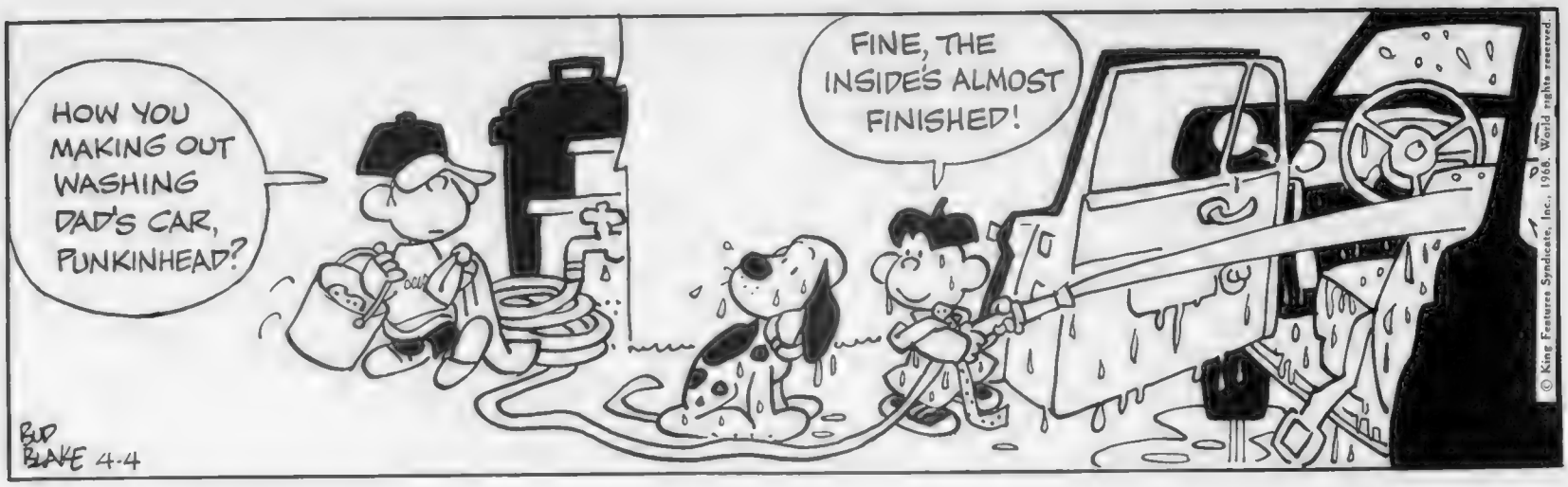
Alex Toth

We might add that Bud won the 'Best Humor Strip' award presented by the National Cartoonists Society in 1970, and has also had previous and subsequent nominations in this category.

Halloween morning, October 31st, I drove my car slowly along Black Point Horseshoe in Rumson, New Jersey, counting my way to an unfamiliar "sixth house on the right." Then up a little lane to my idea of a dream house, set back in the leafless trees. Soon I was breathing in Creation crisp air, stirring up the red and metallic leaves underfoot, and shaking hands with Bud Blake, creator of "Tiger". Long pen pals, now palm pals.

Enfolded in Bud's studio room, I noticed that the prevailing subject on the walls was kids. Bud was developing a "Tiger" Sunday page on his drawing board. The last panel had been penciled in definitively while the preceding panels were still under construction. I surmised this was the gestation period, when it is vital to keep your characters in character.

"I'm the only one in the world who knows what this gag is about, so far, and I have to ask myself re "Tiger" and his friends: How would they act? What would they say?"


HOW YOU MAKING OUT WASHING DAD'S CAR, PUNKINHEAD?
FINE, THE INSIDE'S ALMOST FINISHED!
BUD BLAKE 4-4
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Bud flattened out his work in progress with a firm hand, as though telling his characters to "stay put"!

"During the course of drawing, almost every gag gets various additions and revisions. Doing a Sunday page, I start at the end, do two or three versions of the last panel and *try* to get a good picture ending . . . but do not always succeed . . . then work back to the beginning."

I asked Bud what would be the build-up to the sequence evolving on his board.

"It's Bonnie's house. She's laying down the ground rules as to where the five players and the dog *can't* hide in their proposed game of hide-and-seek. Limited and deprived, all the hiders wind up in the one place *not* restricted, under the dining room table."

I waved at the framed art work on the studio walls.

"Kids seem to grow on you, Bud. Your prime topic?"

Bud puffed reflectively on his slender pipe.

"It just worked out that way, Jerry. When I quit Kudner Advertising, where I was Executive Art Director, I got away from preliminaries into finished art. I also got away from all the commuting, back and forth. That was 1954, when I went free-lance. I sold a gag panel, "Ever Happen To You?", to King Features. It dealt with little everyday vignettes and annoyances and kids *were* invariably catalysts in those situations."

Bud handed me a batch of "Ever Happen To You?" originals, randomly dated from 1954 to 1965.

EVER HAPPEN TO YOU? **By Blake**

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO HOP—OR STAY INDOORS —YOU DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHT-FOOT BOOTS!
1-29
BLAKE
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1962. World rights reserved.

EXPLAINING MOTHER'S ELECTRIC BILL—
...SO, AFTER COMING OFF THE FEEDER AT 2,000 VOLTS THE CURRENT COMES INTO THE HOUSE AT 220 VOLTS, 3 WIRE—THIS CENTER WIRE IS A NEUTRAL WHICH IS GROUNDED. NOW, YOU GET 110 VOLTS BETWEEN THE GROUND AND ONE OF THE OTHER TWO. THAT IS, AFTER IT GOES THROUGH THE MASTER SWITCH, WATT-HOUR-METER AND CIRCUIT BREAKER —UNDERSTAND?
3-6
BLAKE
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1962. World rights reserved.

THE DETECTIVES SIFT THE EVIDENCE
IT'S STILL WARM!
DOG HAIR!
WERE YOU UP ON THE CHAIR WHILE WE WERE OUT? LOOK AT ME!
2-15
BLAKE
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1963. World rights reserved.

Some of the 'Ever Happen To You?' panel cartoons which Blake did for King Features. The one about the electric bill is referred to in our story.

This is Bud Blake's preliminary penciling of the Sunday page which is referred to in Jerry's interview.

"That one of the young boy explaining the electric bill to his mother, in terms of the technical intricacies of the house meter, was inspired by our son, Jay. He is now Director of the Gordon McKay Laboratories at Harvard, lectures in Introductory Physics at Harvard, and is a resident tutor in a Radcliffe dormitory."

Doris Blake joined us. No comics widow, Doris enhanced both the room and the sprightly conversation.

"When Jay was twelve, Bud and I were discussing investing for the future. Jay came downstairs and advised us to invest in Texas Instruments. We figured it was prompted by something he read in Popular Science. Anyway, Bud told him to go back to bed. The stock Jay favored reached fantastic heights within a year or so. If only we had acted on his recommendation, we'd have made a pile of money. But who trusts a twelve-year-old investment counselor?'

Doris added proudly, "Jay has always been a remarkable young man."

Jay's photo on the mantel indicates just that; also handsome, athletic and intelligent. The photo of his sister Mariana, in her bridal gown, reflects a lustrous, mature and indelible beauty. And her Dad draws "funny pictures"!

"While 'Ever Happen To You?' was a steady thing at King Features, I was doing other art for Business Week, Family Circle, Pictorial Review, and American Weekly. I did some cartoons for the St. Joseph's Aspirin Family Calendar, in particular a little strip on the bottom called Junior. Got a notion to show this to Sylvan Byck at King Features. Asked him if there was anything there. Of course, King was doing just fine with "Archie" and "Pony Tail", so Mr. Byck said why not a young bunch of kids . . . ?'

Bud then worked for some time on samples of different looking youngsters. Finally, Sylvan Byck was pleased with the to-be-titled lead and his friends, and the contracts were drawn up and signed. Thinking up the name for the featured player meant compiling a list comparable to What To Name the Baby. Doris Blake contributed more than her share of potentials but was partial to "Tiger". It seemed so right, akin to William Blake's

HONEY
I MADE MY OWN SANDWICH, TIGER...
TO SAVE MOM THE TROUBLE
BUD BLAKE
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1968 World rights reserved
2-8

TIGER, I'VE GOT SOME SWELL CARDBOARD WE CAN PLAY WITH!
WHERE'D YOU GET IT?
THEY PUT IT IN DAD'S SHIRTS
...TO KEEP 'EM NEAT
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10-30 BUD BLAKE

MY BELT IS TOO TIGHT
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HUGO?

WHY DON'T YOU GO ON A DIET?

I'D RATHER HAVE A TIGHT BELT
9-5 BUD BLAKE
© King Features Syndicate Inc. 1975 World rights reserved

DON'T I HAVE A NICE BACK YARD, HUGO?
YOU COULD USE ANOTHER TREE
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5-8 BUD BLAKE

DO YOU GET AN ALLOWANCE?
NOPE. I DO BETTER DAY-TO-DAY BEGGING
WHAT IS IT YOU DON'T LIKE ABOUT MY TRUMPET PLAYING?
LISTENING TO IT
WHEN WE SWITCH TO THE METRIC SYSTEM, INCH WORMS WILL BECOME OBSOLETE
RABBIT PUNCH? I BET IT TASTES AWFUL!
LEGGO OF MY STRETCH SOCK, STRIPE!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT GOES INTO A HOT DOG, HUGO?
I GUESS THAT'S WHY SOME PEOPLE PLAY CHESS BY MAIL
WHAT'D YOUR SUBSTITUTE TEACHER DO TODAY, HUGO?
CRIED, MOSTLY
WHERE'D YOU LOSE IT?
IF I KNEW THAT I WOULD OF FOUND IT BY NOW
DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR CARTOONIST PROFILES 1976 . . .
BUD BLAKE ©K.F.S.

This double-page spread was drawn especially for CARTOONIST PROfiles by BUD BLAKE.

HUGO'S VERY POPULAR WITH ANTS

IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PUNKINHEAD

I'M BUILDING A LOG

I DIDN'T NEED VERY MUCH

HOW DO YOU WANT YOUR EGGS?

IN A CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

NOPE. ALL I CARE IS IT GOES INTO ME

DO YOU KNOW WHAT RAISINS ARE?

GRAPES WITH THE AIR LET OUT OF THEM

I DUNNO. I NEVER WOUND ONE

I LOVE WINDING STAIRCASES, DON'T YOU?

WE'RE TAKING STRIPE TO THE V-E-T

DID STRIPE HAVE HIS YEARLY CHECK-UP?

HIS YEARLY IS FINE

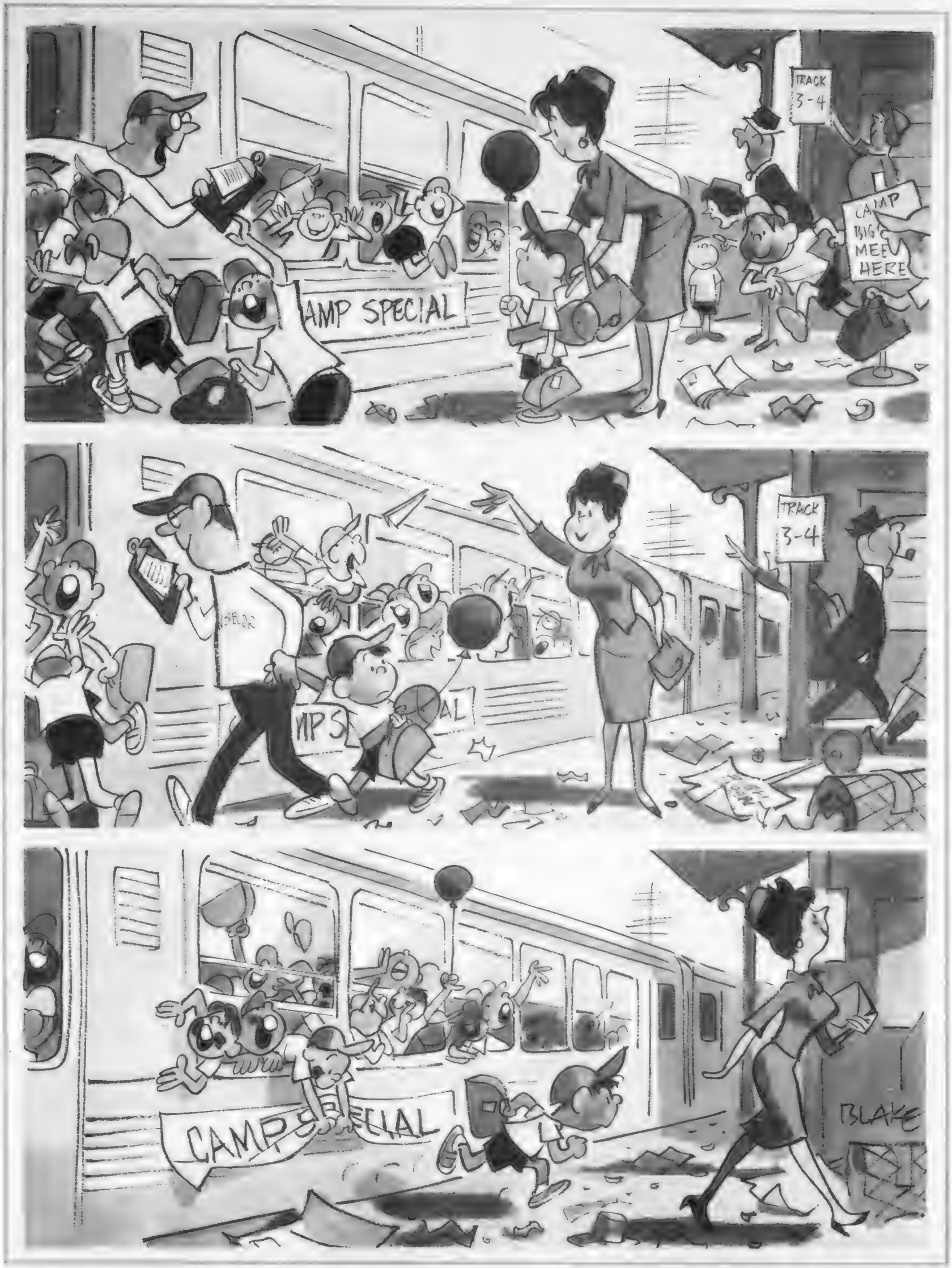
I GOTTA BE HOME BEFORE DARK. WHAT THE HECK'S "BEFORE DARK"?

I GUESS THE SWISS MAKE BETTER WATCHES THAN THEY MAKE CHEESE

MY UNCLE COMES UP TO HERE ON ME

I'LL GO TO THE MOVIES WITH YOU SO LONG AS WE DON'T SIT TOGETHER

A color cartoon magazine cover — never before published.



A color cartoon cover which Bud Blake did for Pictorial Review magazine.

WHAT'S GREEN, HAS EIGHT LEGS AND BIG RED EYES?
I DUNNO... WHAT?
I DUNNO EITHER...
BUT IT JUST CRAWLED OUT OF YOUR LUNCH BOX
BUD BLAKE
4-7
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"Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . ."

"I work hardest on the pencil drawings, discarding a lot before getting one that suits me. The completed drawing is then flipped over and placed on the light table and traced. Through this reverse image I can see where my drawing is "off" more easily, much the same way illustrators and painters use a mirror. It might take several of these corrective stages before I'm satisfied everything is working. I do the finish on one-ply because I like the way the paper "gives" to the pen. I use the same pen for drawing and for lettering, Gillott No. 170."

Upon initiating a seven day week work schedule on "Tiger" in 1965, Bud managed to continue his luck charm panel, "Ever Happen To You?", for another year but terminated it to concentrate on "Tiger".

Some of the sensitive paintings and water colors hanging throughout the Blake home are by Bud and his artist father, George Blake, who died when Bud was very small.

Doris pointed to one I had lingered by, in admiration.

"That one was painted by our daughter, Mara . . . Mariana. Right now she's busy with husband Jim and three-year-old Paul, so we have no recent works of hers, but Bud thinks she has a lot of talent."

George Blake, Mara's deceased grandfather, was in advertising. He did many paintings for well-known ads, such as the Dutch Boy trademark for Dutch Boy Paint. Further evidence that you can't take "the boy" out of the Blake predilection.

Going back to the studio room, I was accompanied by Jenny, the model who poses for pictures of Tiger's dog, Stripe. Jenny is a friendly and knowing black and white springer spaniel. As I sorted through the ten years of "Tiger" press proofs, selecting some for reproduction in Cartoonist PROfiles, it was as though Jenny was touting me on the really good ones. Ten years in the life of "Tiger", a short span in which Bud's work was nominated four times for the NCS Best Humor strip award, and won the award in 1970.

Later, during my repeated "second helpings" at dinner, a witch, a devil, and a pirate came trick or treating. Doris and Bud arose from the table to greet them and proffered the youngsters a bowl brimming with exotic chocolate bars.

I said my reluctant goodnight and was driving serenely northward on the Parkway, with only one regret about my day with the Blakes. I wish I had thought to make a very special Halloween mask. It would have been fun to double back and call on Doris and Bud . . . as "Tiger".

WHEN YOU FEED BREAD TO THE BIRDS, PUNKINHEAD...
...GIVE THEM SMALLER HELPINGS
7-23 BUD BLAKE
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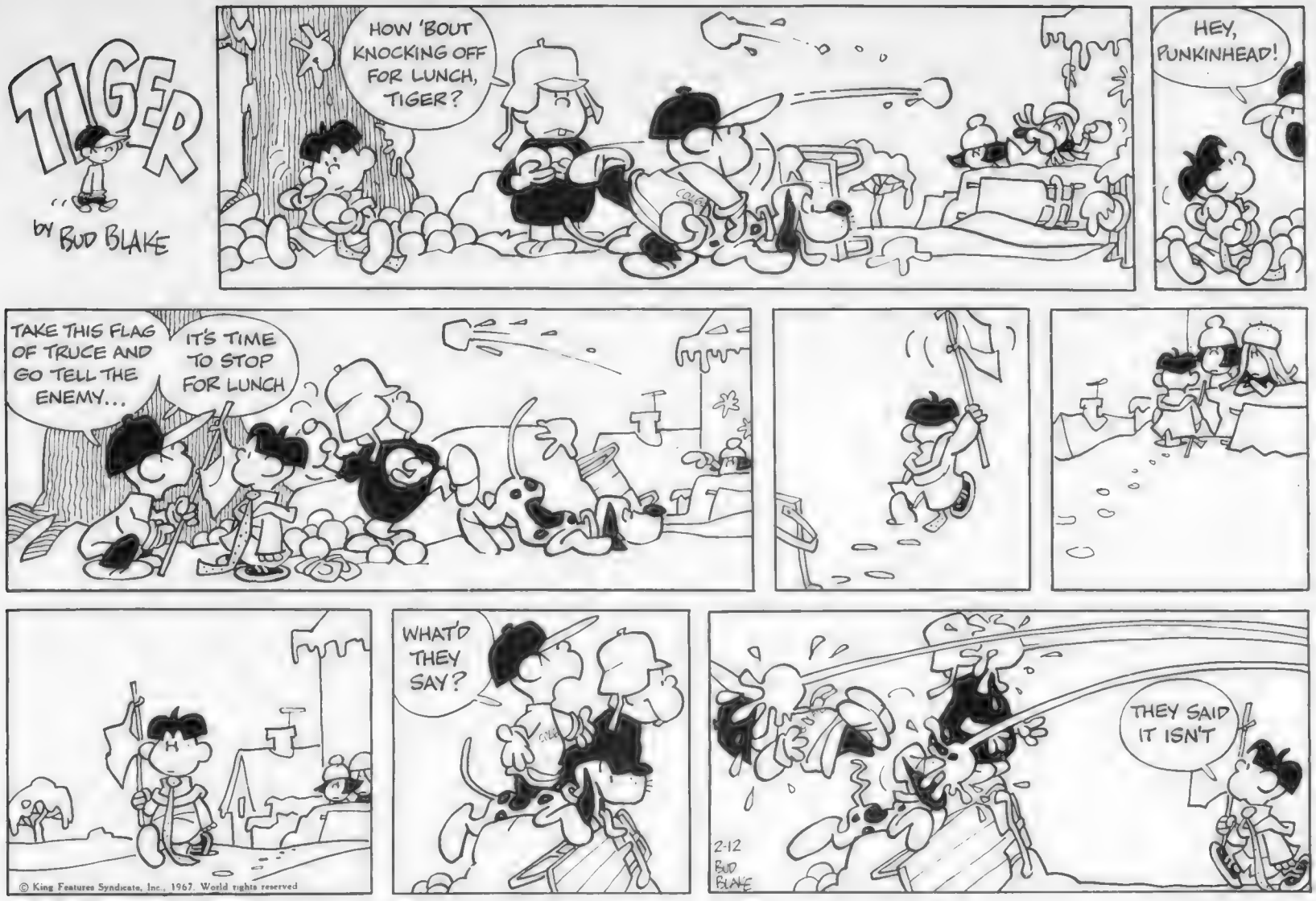
TIGER
by BUD BLAKE
HOW 'BOUT KNOCKING OFF FOR LUNCH, TIGER?
HEY, PUNKINHEAD!
TAKE THIS FLAG OF TRUCE AND GO TELL THE ENEMY...
IT'S TIME TO STOP FOR LUNCH
WHAT'D THEY SAY?
THEY SAID IT ISN'T
2-12
BUD BLAKE
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METRO Sunday COMICS Network

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SAN JOSE *Mercury-News*
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GREAT FALLS *Tribune*
JACKSON *Citizen Patriot*
JACKSON *Sun*
LANSING *State Journal*
ORANGE COUNTY *Orange Coast Pilot*
RAPID CITY *Journal*
ROCHESTER *Democrat & Chronicle*
SAGINAW *News*
SALEM *Jrnl. Statesman/Capitol Jrnl.*
SANTA ROSA *Press Democrat*
TALLAHASSEE *Democrat*
TROY *Sun Record*
TUCSON *Star-Citizen (Sat.)*
WATERBURY *Republican*

METROPOLITAN SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS, INC.
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We are pleased to offer our readers another very interesting story by our friend, Philip W. Porter, the distinguished newspaper man, former Executive Editor of one of America's largest-circulation dailies, the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and presently a widely-read columnist and author. Phil, as you will recall, wrote the story about Dr. Nick Dallis and his 'Rex Morgan', 'Judge Parker', and 'Apartment 3-G' strips in Issue No. 27 of CARTOONIST PROfiles.

In this issue, he reports on a talk he had in January with RAY OSRIN, the very perceptive editorial cartoonist of the Plain Dealer. Your PROfiles editor, who first met Ray when we were arranging National Cartoonists Society meetings in Cleveland some years ago, can heartily concur in Phil's enthusiastic comments about Osrin.

by
Philip W. Porter

Ray Osrin of the Cleveland Plain Dealer is one of the most brilliant and rapidly rising of the new breed of editorial cartoonists, who have recognizable effects on political candidates for office and those who have already made it, the United States Congress, presidents and cabinet officers.

He has already begun to achieve national recognition in various ways. He won the Headliners Club award in 1970 by unanimous vote of the judges. He had a half hour TV program done about him by a Cleveland station, WKYC, as part of its popular Montage series of features. He has been asked for the originals of his cartoons by such notables as the late Lyndon B. Johnson, Senator Barry Goldwater, former President Richard M. Nixon, former Vice President Spiro Agnew, and other front page names. One of his drawings is hanging in the Johnson Library in Austin, Tex. and another in the west wing of the White House.

I'm very proud of Ray, and predict without hesitation that he will go on to greater honors. For good reason, too. I hired him when I was executive editor in 1963.

Ray stepped into some large shoes to fill, those of Edward D. Kuekes, who won a Pulitzer Prize and had been the editorial cartoonist for 15 years. Before that the job had been done by Hal Donahey, who made readers laugh and politicians cry for 25 years. Kuekes and Donahey were the only two who had ever done such cartoons for the Plain Dealer, and they were a hard act to follow.

Osrin did not move to the top spot on the editorial page right away. He spent 2½ years as a sort of galley slave in the art department, awaiting Kuekes' retirement. I had been looking for a talented man for some time, since I knew Ed would be taking compulsory retirement at age 65, something which has caught a lot of us in recent years. The word got around that we were looking, and one day this young fellow in his early 30's showed up, fresh from Pittsburgh, where he had been working on the Pittsburgh Press, and said he'd like to be considered. He showed me a

One of the Osrin cartoons which appealed the most to Phil Porter.

SIGNS OF THE FUTURE

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN BEACH
CAUTION! POLITICIAN INFESTED WATERS!
©1975 THE PLAIN DEALER

HIROHITO
WARMEST REGARDS FROM MY PEOPLE IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, MR. PRESIDENT.
A MOST CORDIAL WELCOME FROM MY PEOPLE IN THE LAND OF THE RISING PRICES, EMPEROR.

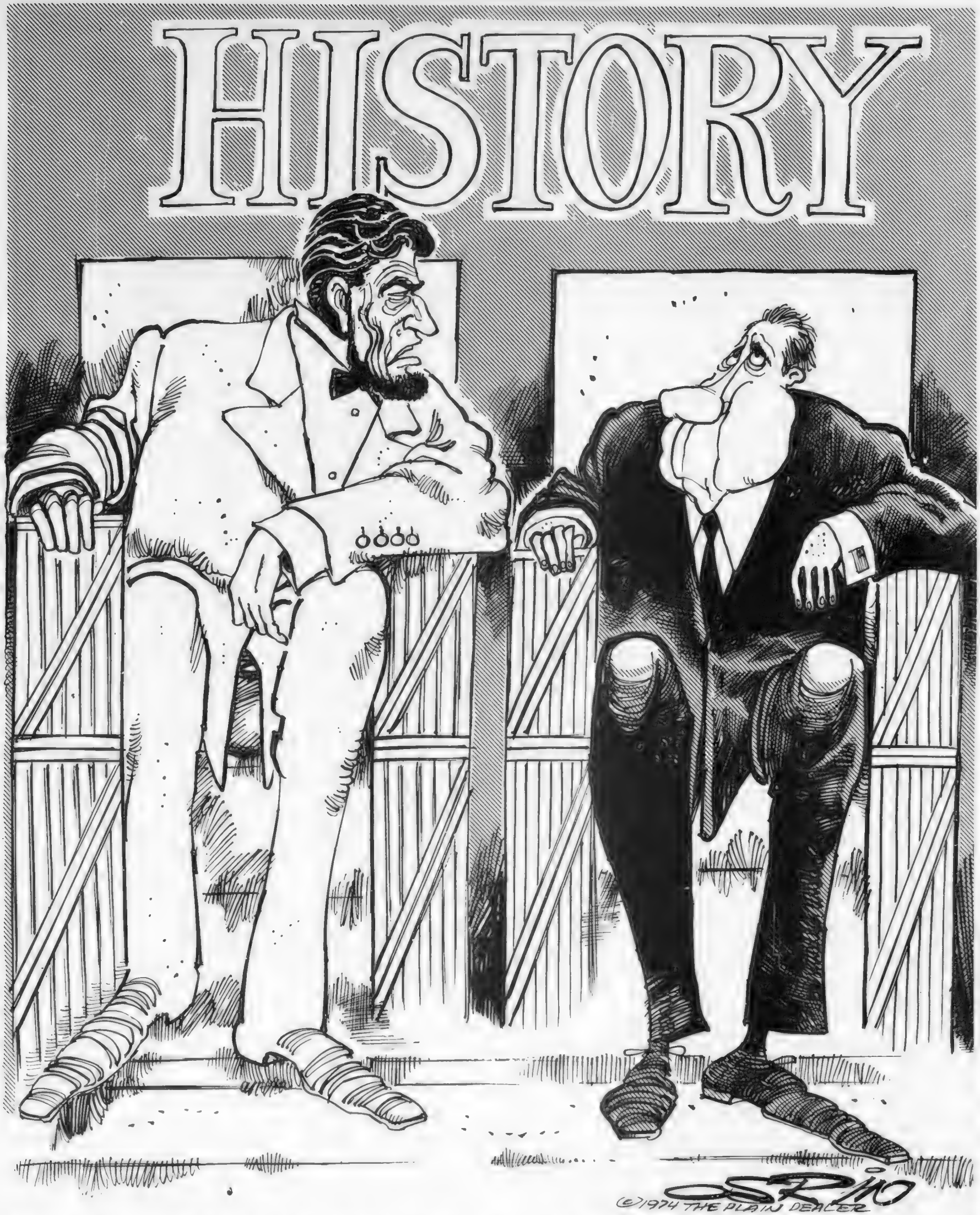
SECURITY CHECK
SECRET SERVICE
SHE'S GOT A GUN, BUT WHO HASN'T, VOTED FOR HITLER AS A WRITE-IN CANDIDATE IN 1940, FIRED FROM THREE JOBS FOR SOLICITING AROUND THE WATER-COOLER, LIVED IN A TREE HOUSE WHILE AT BERKLEY, TOOK PART IN FIREBOMBING OF ROTC BUILDING AND A DAIRY QUEEN, PRESIDENT OF THE IDI AMIN FAN CLUB, ...LET HER GO!
GRIN
© 1975 - THE PLAIN DEALER

...THEN, INSERT SPINDLE IN AMERICAN SPHERE OF INFLUENCE, (PART 'A') INTO HOLE DRILLED IN SOVIET SPHERE OF INFLUENCE, (PART 'B')...ONLY THERE ISN'T ANY HOLE DRILLED IN PART 'B'...
'A'
DÉTENTE
INSTRUCTIONS
'B'
GRIN
© 1975 - THE PLAIN DEALER

THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES

1940 1975

Another of Porter's favorite Osrin cartoons.



"THEY CALLED ME 'HONEST ABE.' WHAT DID THEY CALL YOU?"

batch of cleverly-drawn pictures, more like comics than editorial page stuff. He almost apologized for them, saying he had been doing this sort of thing for quite a while, for fun and for money, and really, they were no trouble at all to do. He had dashed them off quickly, and didn't claim they were very profound.

I saw enough of them to feel I ought not to let this man get away. He had obvious talent as an artist, and though Ed was going to be around for quite a while yet, and Ray hadn't really thought of himself as a national or global political molder of opinion, I decided to offer him a job, with the understanding that he'd have to be patient, and wait in the wings for a while. A couple of other Plain Dealer executives, Russell Reeves and Barry Mullaney, also saw Ray's samples, and agreed that we had a potential winner.

The first year or so, it was not easy for him, and a couple of times he almost packed up and went back to Pittsburgh. We had fixed him up with a drawing board in the midst of other illustrators who worked on layouts and occasional sports cartoons, and they did not make him feel particularly comfortable or even welcome. I asked Reeves, who was day managing editor and my invaluable right hand man in charge of pestiferous details, to straighten this out as diplomatically as possible, and told Ray to keep drawing samples, and to start to think big (nationally and globally, as well as locally). Before long, we got him started on editorial page stuff, and published one cartoon a week.

Kuekes retired in February, 1966, full of honors but still vigorous, and Osrin was thrown to the lions. From then on, he had to do six cartoons a week. He has been doing them ever since, and getting better all the time.

GNASHVILLE

Phil Porter retired as executive editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer in 1966. He was Sunday and Feature Editor for 10 years, prior to moving into the front office, and as such, became a close friend of many comic artists and syndicate managers and ultimately became Chairman of the Newspaper Comics Council, Inc. (1962-64).

"It was tough going at first," said Osrin. "I really didn't feel qualified and at times, this got me down. I wondered why you and Barry (Mullaney then was in general charge of the editorial page, as a sort of grand vizier for Tom Vail, the editor and publisher) put up with me. But Russ counseled me to have the patience, and the editorial writers helped out with ideas. Gradually I seemed to get in the right groove of thinking. But when I look back on some of my early efforts, I don't think I was hitting the ball."

Osrin is a bright young fellow and he learned how to get ideas from other cartoonists. He studied Herblock. He was a great admirer of Bill Mauldin. He picked up ideas in both technique and subject matter from Paul Conrad, Oliphant, Don Wright of Miami, MacNelly and Ron Searles, the British artist. Suddenly he felt as if he had grown up. The last few years he didn't need to worry about that. The Plain Dealer readers cottoned to him, and he was getting fan mail, and requests from political figures he has satirized.

Because he is such a quick draftsman, Osrin finds it no problem to do five, six or seven rough drafts early in the day, to take with him into the editorial writers' daily conference at 10:30 a.m. They pass opinions on which one they like best, and finally William Barnard, the chief editorial writer, makes the final selection. After lunch, Osrin does the final

draft, shows it to Barnard, and sends it to the engravers.

"Bill has been the greatest help to me," says Osrin. "He is a young, free-wheeling type, full of courageous ideas and doesn't hesitate to approve the really tough ones." He is full of gratitude for Barnard's help, today; and for the help of Reeves and Mullaney (both of whom are now dead, alas) and to me. He has great humility and wants it known that he appreciates help, both now and then.

The cartoons which accompany this article contain so many ten-strikes that it's hard to pick out the most memorable. But two of them that appealed most to me were (1) L.B.J. examining his abdominal scar and (2) Abraham Lincoln and Nixon sitting side by side in ornate chairs under a stone marker labeled "History" with Lincoln saying to Nixon, "They called me Honest Abe. What did they call you?"

There are many others, in which he got tough with Ford and Kissinger, the Arabs, the Irish Republican Army, the Third World, New York City, terrorists, juvenile gun-wielders, congressmen who vote themselves pay raises and take numerous vacations, etc., etc.

Ray Osrin is a native of Brooklyn, born Oct. 5, 1928. He graduated from high school and studied industrial art at the Art Students League for three years, concentrating on life drawing in evening classes. He did some free lancing for comic book publishers and learned TV animation. But in the 50's, when the comic book business began to fold, he figured it was time to leave New York, so he headed for Pittsburgh, and got a job there in 1957 with the Press. He felt lucky when Victor Free, who was then managing editor of the Press, hired him. He remained with the Press until 1963, when he came to the Plain Dealer.

He and his wife, Lee, have three children — Joanne, who is married and living in Cleveland; Karen 20, a student at Kent State University, and Glenn, 14½, who is a star athlete at Beachwood High School. (Glenn is on the swimming, basketball and baseball teams and has ambitions to be a major league baseball player.) The Osrin family is well-known in South Africa; he has an uncle living in Johannesburg.

After the TV Montage program was shown here, the Plain Dealer took some of the slides and published them in a book titled, "The Wizard of Osrin".

Several years ago, Ray went to Israel as a guest of the Israeli government, and while on tour, was seized with an attack of kidney stones. He still has occasional problems with this annoying ailment, but in general is in excellent health. He has worn a mustache for some years, but last year, added a set of gray chin whiskers to it, which give him a distinguished appearance.

Self-caricature by Ray Osrin

Phil Love

Here is another column by PHIL LOVE, former Feature Editor of THE WASHINGTON STAR, longtime writer of books and newspaper stories, and producer of the weekly syndicated column, LOVE ON LIFE. As our readers well know, Phil has an endless fund of stories about cartoonists, and it's our pleasure to share them.

LOVE TO ALL

Watching the various presidential hopefuls trudging through the snows of New Hampshire, I was reminded of one of the late great Rube Goldberg's zany inventions: "A Device for Nominating a Candidate for High Office."

The character that Rube chose to demonstrate the device was a "fresh-air fiend." He was placed in a room next to one in which a candidate was sleeping.

When the fresh-air nut opened his windows, his pet owl caught a cold and sneezed into a toy bugle, which summoned a troop of National Guardsmen, who thought that war had been declared.

In their haste to answer the call to duty, the Guardsmen upset a milkman, breaking all his bottles. The spilled milk attracted hundreds of cats. Their loud meowing awoke the neighbors, whose angry yells the candidate mistook for the voices of his constituents calling on him to save the country.

The candidate jumped out of bed, threw up his window and launched into an eloquent speech of acceptance.

All of which, as I'm sure you'll agree, was as sane a method of choosing a presidential nominee as the present system of state primaries and caucuses, which prove nothing except that a lot of men are just crazy to be president — or even vice president.

That, for no particular reason, reminds me of some other comics of years gone by.

Back in the 1920s or '30s, there was a popular strip titled *Polly Pippen.* I've forgotten who drew it, but its principal characters were a young married couple named Polly and Milburn Pippen. Offhand, you'd say the chances of finding a Polly Pippen in real life would be negligible and the chances of her having a husband named Milburn would be practically nonexistent.

But when I was a small boy in Baltimore, one of my favorite playmates was a lad named Milburn Pippen. And when the Baltimore Sun began publishing the comic, it developed that "Pippy," as we used to call him, had grown up and married a girl named Polly.

The editors of the Sun probably weren't too surprised, however, because they'd had a similar experience with *The Gumps.* They had published Sidney Smith's great strip only a few days when a man named Andy Gump called to protest having a comicstrip character named after him.

But, as Al Jolson used to say, you ain't heard nothin' yet. Later, when Andy Gump's rich Uncle Bim fell into the clutches of the conniving, money-loving Widow Zander, a Baltimore widow of that name bobbed up with threats to sue both the Sun and the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.

Over the years, I've known two fellows called "Moon" Mullins and one called "Flash" Gordon, and a friend told me just the other day that he knows a Juliet Jones who has a sister named Eve. In this case, however, Eve is dark-haired and older and Julie is blond.

●

A popular comic in the 1930s was *Miss Cairo Jones*, written by Jerry Albert and drawn by Bob Oksner. Cairo was a gorgeous creature with corn-colored hair, long, slim legs, an ample bosom and a full-lipped mouth. Bob just made her up; there wasn't anybody in real life like her — or so he and Jerry thought.

Walking along New York's Fifth Avenue one day, Bob saw a beautiful girl step aboard a bus. She looked, he thought, exactly like Cairo Jones.

Bob boarded the bus, too, and was lucky enough to find a seat from which he could study the girl. Her resemblance to Cairo, he decided, was nothing short of amazing.

When the girl got off, Bob followed her. Afraid she might think him just another "fresh guy" on the make, he approached her rather timidly. But he needn't have worried; she was flattered by the artist's suggestion that she pose for *Miss Cairo Jones,* which she read and enjoyed.

Pat O'Neill was her name and she was a former Conover model who decided that she didn't like posing for advertisements. She was now modeling clothes — and she'd be happy to become the model for Cairo.

"The only thing she didn't have that Cairo has," Bob told me at the time, "was a braid. And, of course, we fixed that real fast."

I wish I could tell you that Bob and Pat eventually married and lived happily ever after, but I don't know what happened to them. To tell the truth, I don't even know what happened to *Miss Cairo Jones* — or, for that matter, Jerry Albert.

Thumbing through the current National Cartoonists Society Album a while ago, looking for Bob Oksner's name (and not finding it), I came upon a photo of a beaming Art Wood and the following biography:

"Born in Miami, Fla., but moved to District of Columbia at early age. Was staff artist for Navy in World War II. After war attended Washington and Lee University, graduating in 1950. Was political cartoonist Richmond News-Leader 1950-1956, Pittsburgh Press 1956-1963. Now director of information for U.S. Independent Telephone Assn. Draw political cartoons for USITA and publish Washington newsletter, so double as editor and cartoonist. Also freelance to numerous trade publications. Wife Sallie and I plus three children — Betsy, Arthur and Win — live in suburban Rockville, Md. Enjoy collecting original drawings which decorate house and studio walls. Am a real cartoon nut and have been since the age of seven."

What you're thinking, I'd bet, is: So what?

Well, Art, who is the immediate past president of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, didn't tell the truth about his collection — that's what!

The part about having been a "cartoon nut" since the age of seven is probably true, but the rest is the grossest kind of understatement. The cartoon collection doesn't just "decorate house and studio walls" — it could fill a fair-sized museum.

My recollection is that Art was in his early teens when he came to see me at the Washington Star. He already had a large collection of originals, and he thought I might be interested in writing a piece about them. I was — and did.

Luckily, Art had parents who did all they could to encourage his hobby. His father, Arthur Wood, Sr., often took time off from his job to take him to New York, where he always managed somehow to get in to see several famous cartoonists and come away with additions to his collection.

Original drawings do, indeed, "decorate house and studio walls" at the Woods' suburban home. But there are hundreds — perhaps thousands — of other originals for which there's no wall space. These are stashed away in a huge room with what must be a very large number of cabinets, drawers and shelves — all carefully indexed.

Eat your heart out, Jim Ivey and you, too, Mort Walker and Jack Tippit!

●

If you're on the mailing list to receive the little journal of culture and enlightenment that I put out for the Greater Buffalo Press, you've probably wondered why you haven't received a copy lately. The answer is, GBP's art director, Len Bethel, and I have been struggling to put together a bigger-and-better-than-usual issue in connection with the Newspaper Comics Council's spring meeting to be held at Washington's Shoreham Americana Hotel April 14-15.

If you're not on the list and would like to be, ask Peter A. Vogt, Greater Buffalo Press, Inc., 302 Grote St., Buffalo, N.Y. 14207.

●

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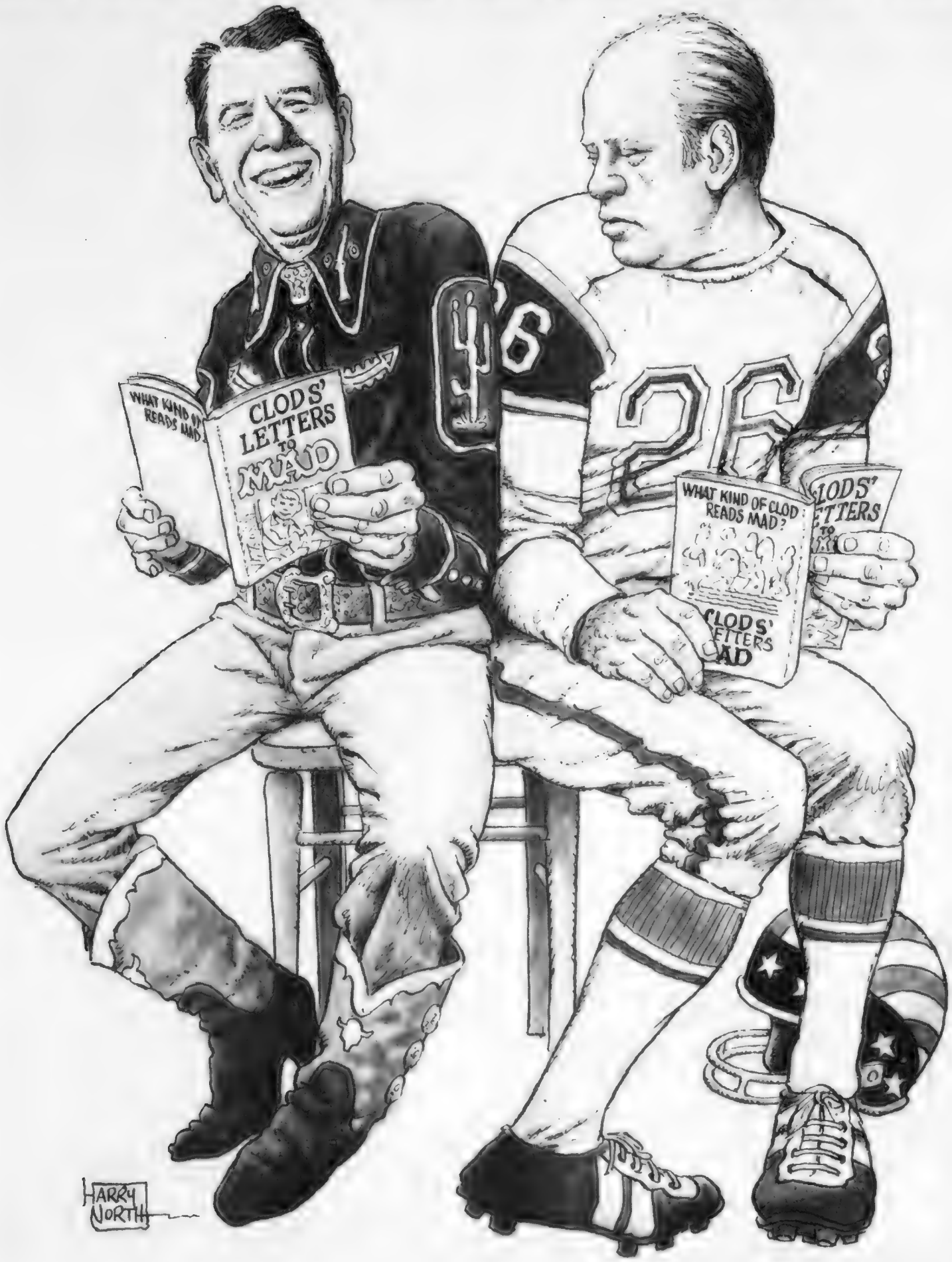

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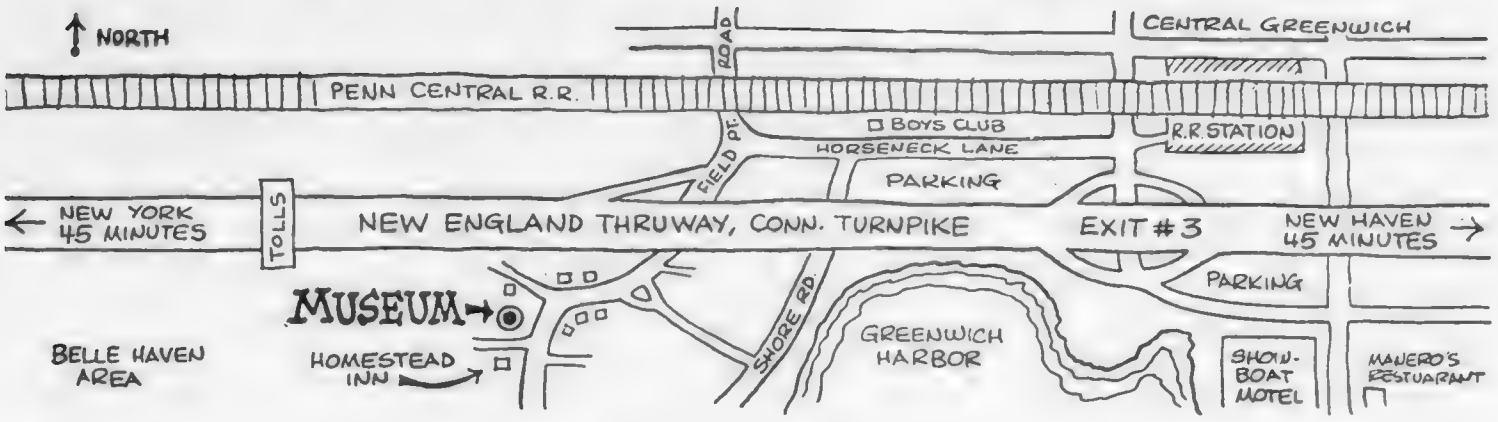

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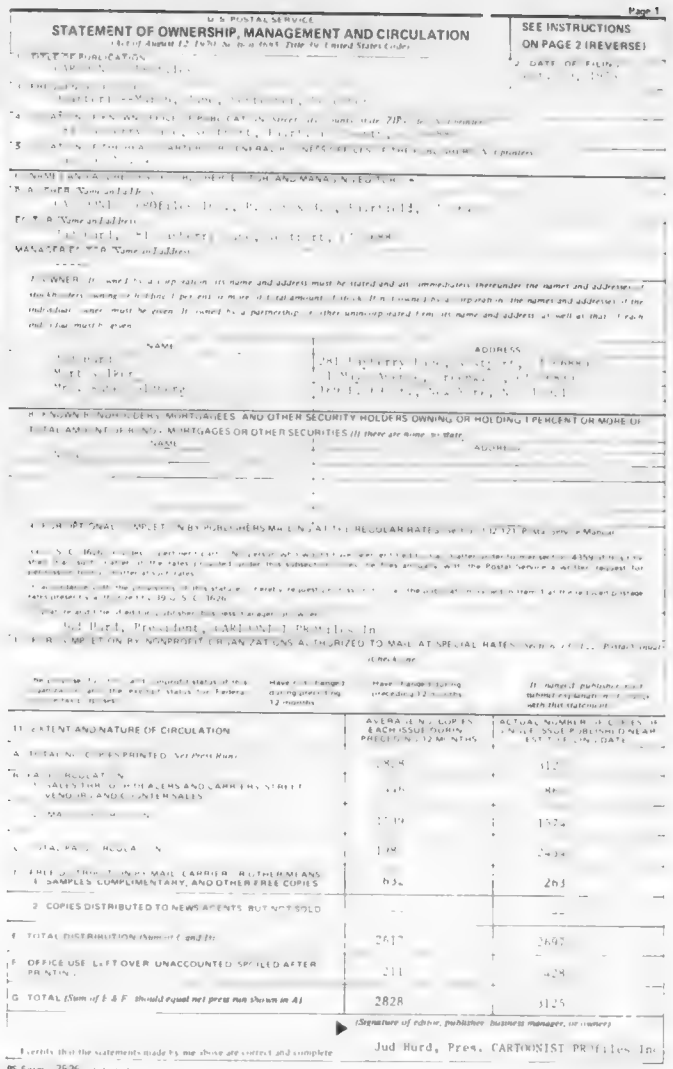

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Roy Crane SCRAPBOOK

This is the 2nd installment of pages from a scrapbook put together by Roy Crane, the famous creator of 'Buz Sawyer' for King Features. Roy has assembled clippings from many sources and then lettered-in his own comments, giving our readers what amounts to a course in cartooning. More pages will follow in our magazine during the balance of 1976. Once again our thanks to Roy for letting us see this great scrapbook.

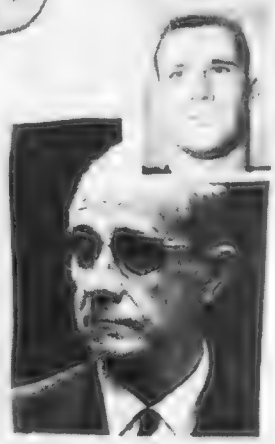
TYPES ARE EVERYWHERE. ALL WE NEED DO IS TO LOOK. FOR EXAMPLE, HERE ARE SOME FOOTBALL COACHES FROM FLORIDA U. AND THE TEAMS FLORIDA PLAYS.
DODD
GUSTAFSON
DAVIS

AFTER LEARNING IN A GENERAL WAY WHAT A CHARACTER IS TO BE LIKE, DECIDE ON ONE OF

SIX HEAD TYPES

OBLONG.
THINKERS, NOT DOERS. THIN NOSES, FLAT CHEEKS, SMALL BONES. WEST EUROPEAN.

LINDY INFANTE

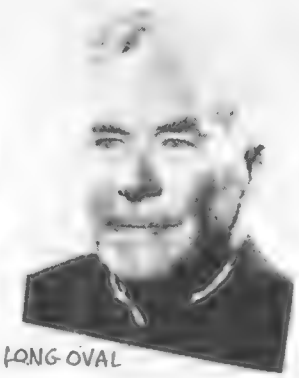


OVAL

BIG-BONED, BIG MUSCLED, HARDY.

BOGGS

WIDE OVAL



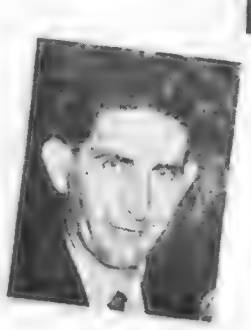
LONG OVAL

OF COURSE, THERE ARE MIXTURES. I'VE FOUND IT WISE TO STICK TO ONE OF THESE FOR A PRINCIPAL CHARACTER FOR REASONS OF SIMPLICITY AND MORE INSTANT RECOGNITION.

EGG HEAD

GENERALLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE INTELLECTUAL, THE CRACKPOT, THE CUNNING. SMALL BONED, SLENDER. OFTEN NOT GOOD MIXERS.

NOVELIST DAVIS



DAVE BLUDWORTH-
P

PYRAMID OR REVERSE EGGHEAD

ALL MUSCLE, BULL NECKED, POWERFUL. ACT FIRST, THINK LATER.

DIAMOND.
THE DEMPSEY-BUZ SAWYER TYPE.

RECORDING SECRETARY
GYO TAKAWA *by karl mihoy*

ROUND OR SQUARE-HEAD.

THE SWEENEY TYPE. STOLID, STRONG

TYPICAL OF NEGROS, ASIATICS OF MONGOLIAN EXTRACTION.

ON GETTING **INDIVIDUALITY** FROM PHOTOS, ETC.:

LOOK FOR A CERTAIN QUALITY THAT SUGGESTS THE CHARACTER YOU HAVE IN MIND. THEN ADAPT, CHANGE, CARICATURE, EXAGERATE THE FEATURES TO SUIT YOUR PURPOSE.

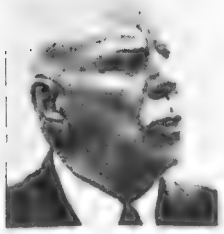
YOU CAN EVEN ADAPT ANIMALS

OR A BUDDHA

OR THE FACE OF A 25¢ COIN.

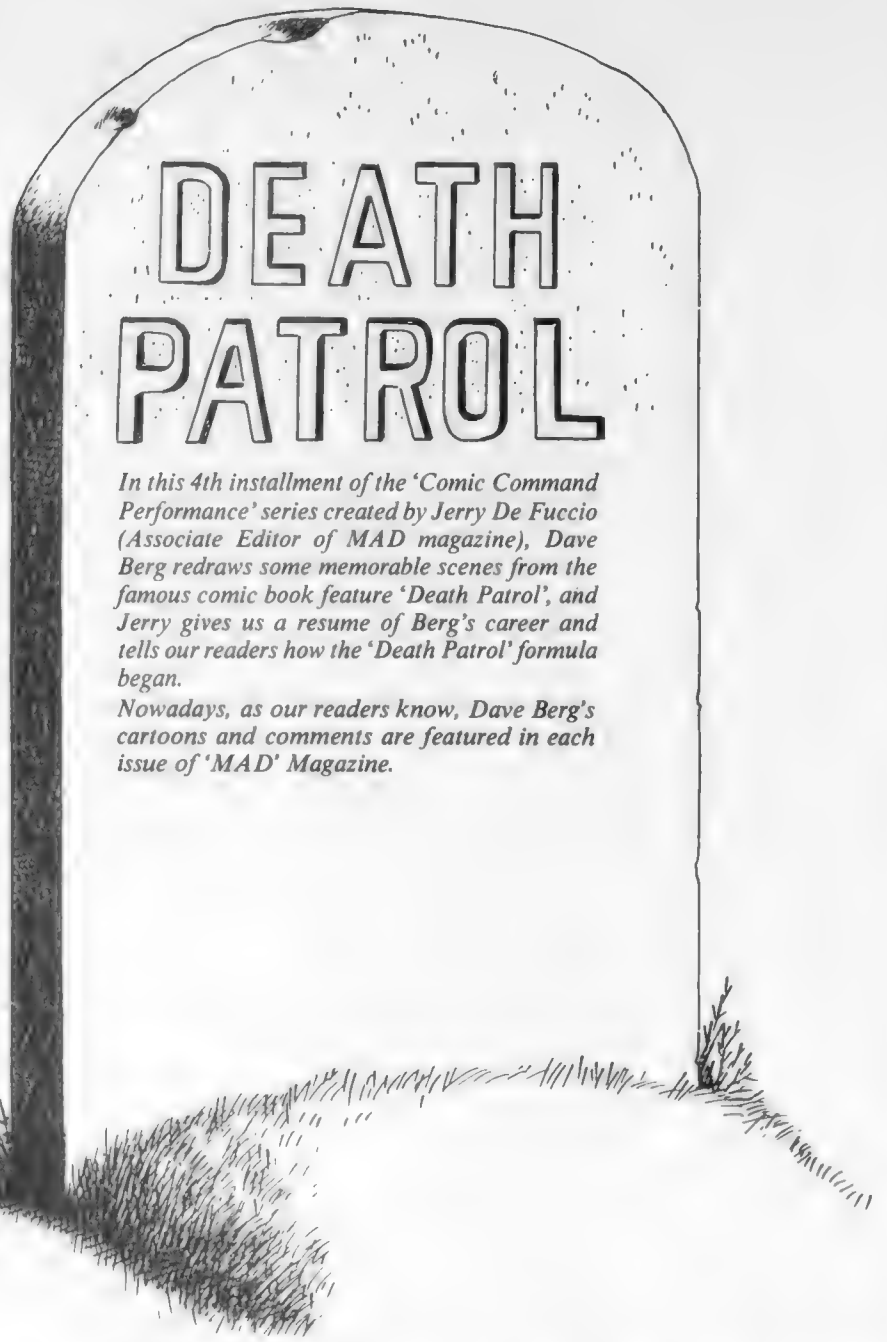
OR THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, AS I ONCE DID FOR A PRETTY GIRL.

OR MODERNISTIC SCULPTURE



SELDOM IS A PICTURE EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND, SO YOU ADAPT IT.

The book containing the splash panel shown on the opposite page and the fight scene on the following page.



In this 4th installment of the 'Comic Command Performance' series created by Jerry De Fuccio (Associate Editor of MAD magazine), Dave Berg redraws some memorable scenes from the famous comic book feature 'Death Patrol', and Jerry gives us a resume of Berg's career and tells our readers how the 'Death Patrol' formula began.

Nowadays, as our readers know, Dave Berg's cartoons and comments are featured in each issue of 'MAD' Magazine.

COMIC COMMAND

by Jerry De Fuccio

Dave Berg was born of very modest means, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn.

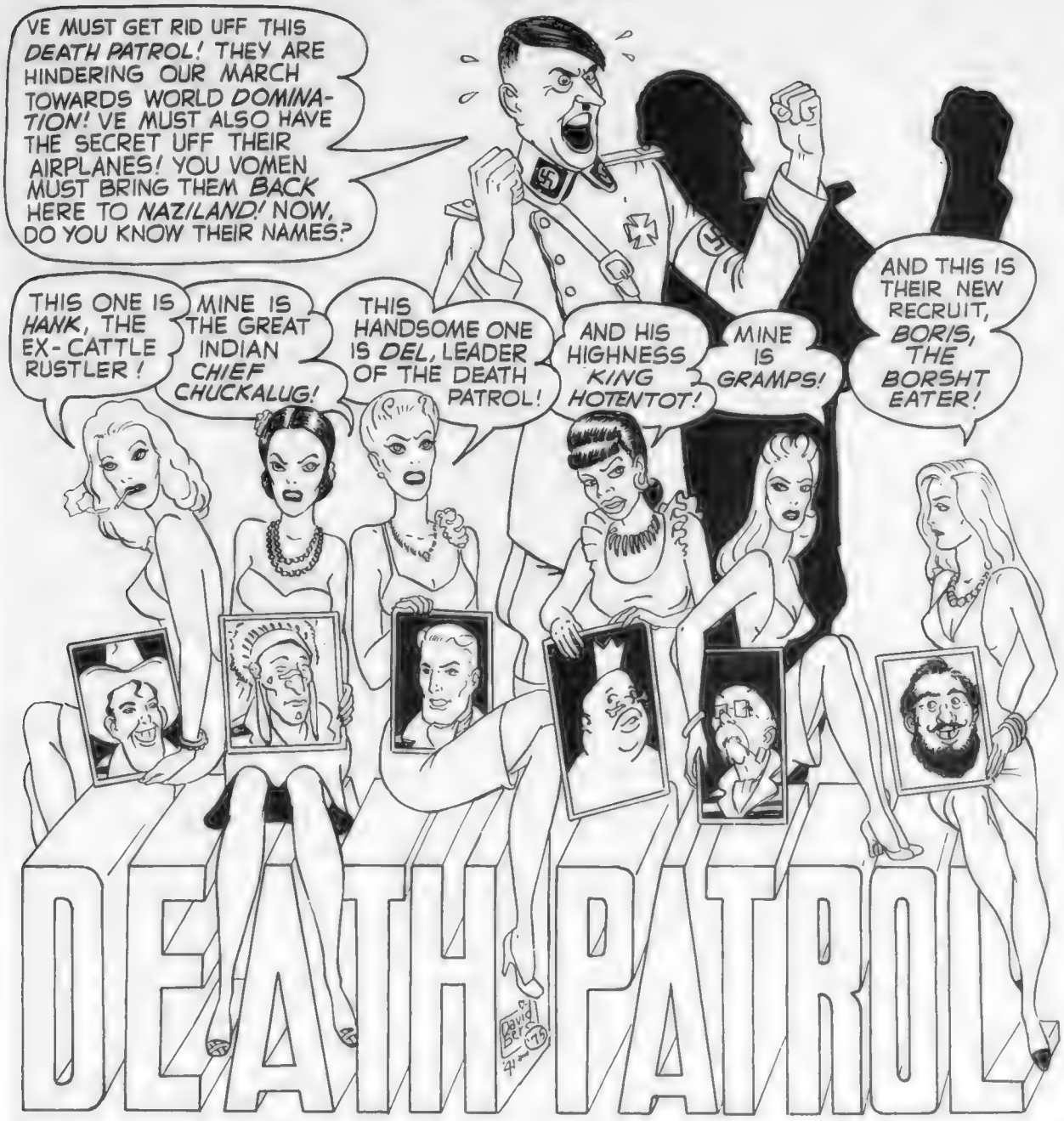
He was three when he was taken on a family day-off excursion to Sheepshead Bay. Upon returning home that night, Dave "demanded" a drawing surface so he could re-create the whole scene; the seascape, the people, the marina, the water. His parents split open a large brown paper bag and he produced his earliest work.

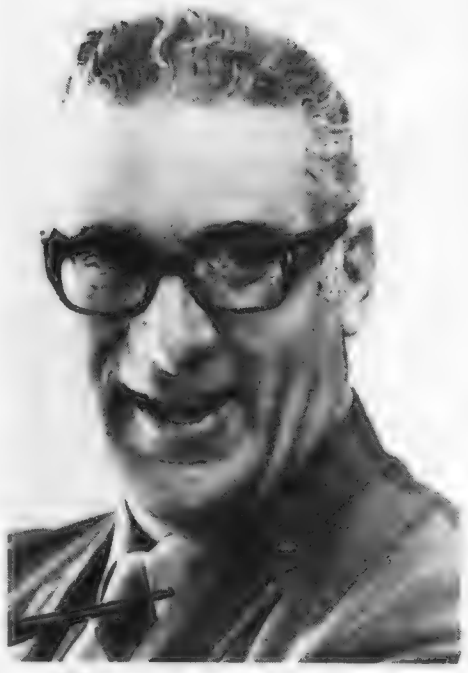
It wasn't until Dave was ten years old and attending P.S. 189 that an interested teacher recommended that he be put in a special art class at the Hebrew Educational Society. At twelve, his parents were advised to send Berg to Pratt Institute, where he engaged in a general Fine Arts course. All his art training was done after his regular school hours or on Saturdays. Throughout, he was obliged to hold down various factory jobs to help support the family. At sixteen, Dave attended the Art Students League, doing life drawings with live models.

In Junior High and Tilden High School, Dave started to blend his visible drawing talent with his "secret" writing ability. Up to this time, his writing had been pretty much under wraps. At Tilden, during a literary club magazine meeting ... Fragments Of Arts And Letters ... those who wrote serious and grim Depression-tinged pieces laughed when Dave got up to read his offering. But, Dave's subsequent humorous poetry and short stories provided the welcome change of pace the club needed.

During and after graduating from high

Redrawn by Dave Berg


VE MUST GET RID UFF THIS DEATH PATROL! THEY ARE HINDERING OUR MARCH TOWARDS WORLD DOMINATION! VE MUST ALSO HAVE THE SECRET UFF THEIR AIRPLANES! YOU VOMEN MUST BRING THEM BACK HERE TO NAZILAND! NOW, DO YOU KNOW THEIR NAMES?
THIS ONE IS HANK, THE EX-CATTLE RUSTLER!
MINE IS THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEF CHUCKALUG!
THIS HANDSOME ONE IS DEL, LEADER OF THE DEATH PATROL!
AND HIS HIGHNESS KING HOTENTOT!
MINE IS GRAMPS!
AND THIS IS THEIR NEW RECRUIT, BORIS, THE BORSHT EATER!
DEATH PATROL



Dave Berg

Death Patrol *title splash, Military Comics #6, January, 1942. Six Nazi lady spies set out to capture the* Death Patrol. *Failing to lure them, the "ladies" throw a bomb into the* Patrol's *quarters. Gramps smothers the bomb with his body, and dies . . . much to Publisher "Busy" Arnold's displeasure!*

PERFORMANCE NO. 4

school, Berg went to Cooper Union for two years of Fine Arts and then to Pratt for Commercial Art. He was "discovered" at these schools by a comic book art agent, Emanuel Demby, who directed him to Will Eisner. Berg almost didn't get into the Eisner stable, due to lack of studio space. But, Eisner jammed in one more drawing board and Dave was a regular. His first work for Eisner, as he recalls, was "Uncle Sam", which he wrote and drew with Tex Blaisdell.

He had been given inordinate freedom when he opined that he could write better scripts for pictorial value than those handed him. Eisner said, "So, do all your own writing!"

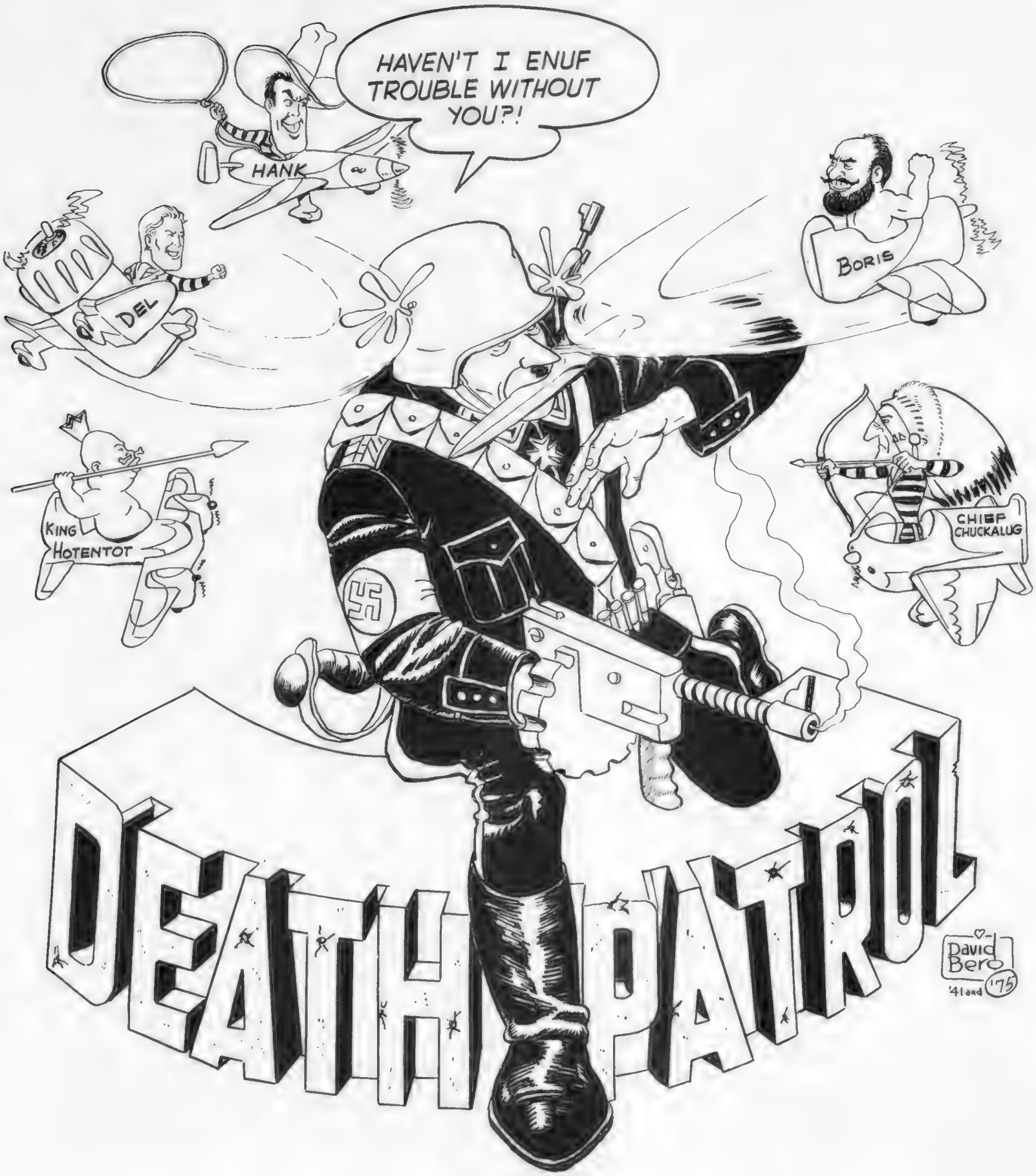
The atmosphere was quite hectic in the Eisner stable, simply because Eisner himself was so indefatigable and had so many pens in so many bottles. Dave took over *Death Patrol*, a feature the sainted Jack Cole had kicked off.

In a letter which Publisher Everett M. (Busy) Arnold wrote me before his death: "Thanks for sending me the stats of Dave Berg's recently re-drawn *Death Patrol*. Gramps was my favorite but I guess he was one of the members who was killed off. I objected to killing off a member of *Death Patrol* in each monthly sequence. Also for doing the same thing with the *Blackhawk* team. I raised hell with Eisner and made him stop doing this immediately. When Dave Berg did *Death Patrol*, including the writing, it was very funny and was a very popular feature. After Dave went in service, it wasn't much good without the Berg touch."

Redrawn by Dave Berg

Same story, Military #6! Vowing to avenge Gramps, the Death Patrol *follows the spies who've fled England in a stolen plane. When the* Patrol *lands, "somewhere in Naziland", they are overwhelmed by Gestapo forces. The ensuing gymnastic in the* Torture House of the Gestapo *is one of the rhapsodic pages in vintage comic books . . .*

Redrawn by Dave Berg



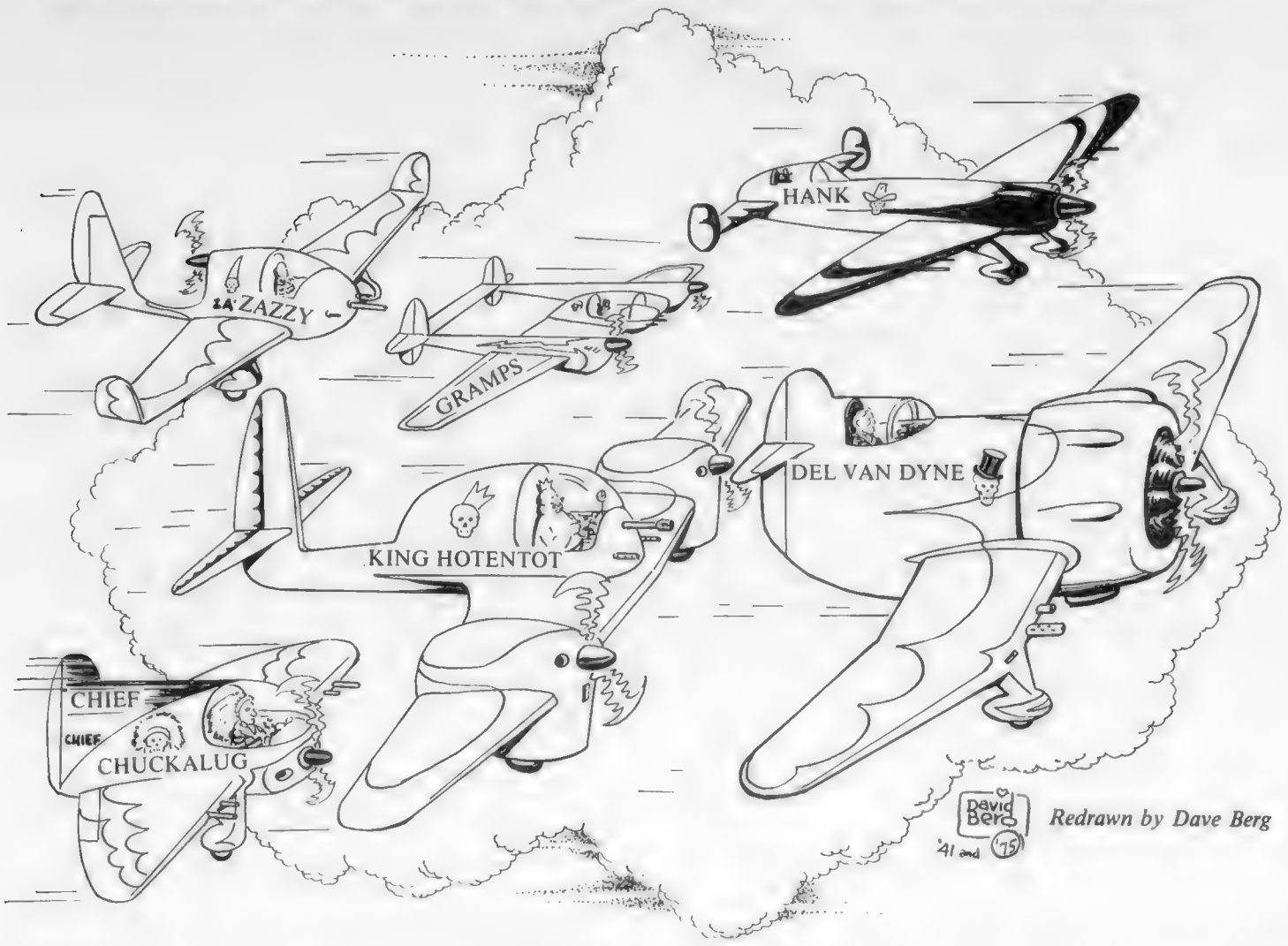
Title splash, Military Comics # 7, February, 1942! Same theme but another catchy variation by the inventive Dave Berg!

Redrawn by Dave Berg

Military Comics #8, March, 1942. Death Patrol *leader, Del Van Dyne, masquerades as Adolf Hitler. As the phony Fuehrer, Del countermands all of Hitler's orders and is about to issue "the surrender of Naziland to the British". But in a sudden plot switch, a lone female parachutist lands in "Naziland". "Mademoiselle',—a spy for the Free French, shoots the disguised Del, thinking he is Hitler . . .*

Redrawn by Dave Berg

The Death Patrol in a crazy quilt formation. Dave Berg dismissed it in one line..."planes that they made themselves!"



Redrawn by Dave Berg

Dave stuck with *Death Patrol* and Eisner and Busy until he was aware he was going into the Armed Forces.

Then, in a calculated effort to slow down the pace before Basic Training got him, Dave went over to Fawcett which was as calm and tranquil as the Princeton Club, as compared to Eisner's "fire house". Dave did "Sir Butch" and "Spooks", entirely on his own there, and wrote and did incidental drawing on *Captain Marvel*. Dave added that his fine trim frame qualified him to pose for *Captain Marvel* on many occasions.

In one sense, *Captain Marvel* followed Dave into the service, when he was stationed at Westover Field, Massachusetts. Dave was reclining in his bunk when some of his mates got involved in a relatively senseless, time-killing discussion: Some ways the United States could lose the war.

One of Dave's barracks buddies cited a *Captain Marvel* story wherein the Nazis built a wall under the Atlantic Ocean, to divert the Gulf Stream and "freeze out England". Naturally, *Captain Marvel* was a wall-buster!

Dave stirred himself from his bunk and told the guys that *he* had written *that* story. They didn't believe him.

Dave's Ordnance outfit was virtually wiped out at the Kasserine Pass in North Africa, though Dave had been kept in the States, doing training guides. Eventually, he did go overseas; Eniwetok, Saipan, Tinian, Iwo Jima and Guam, as a war correspondent for service papers.

Berg just missed out on covering the Japanese surrender aboard the Missouri. Instead, the plane historically known as the "Tokyo Trolley" took him to Yokohama where he witnessed the release and return of all Allied prisoners held there. Berg explained that prison camps had been set up proximate to Japanese munitions and war plants on the supposition that our Intelligence would advise against bombing them, for fear of killing our own men and allies. MacArthur had held back from Tokyo while the Imperial Guard die-hards were overwhelmed in the Palace by the Japanese who wanted to capitulate!

Dave returned home after World War II to work on *The Spirit* with Eisner. Dave also worked for Archie and other teenage publications. He became Editor for Stan Lee, doing *Combat Kelly* and five years of Korean War books.

Berg's debut in the August, 1957 issue of MAD established him permanently in the "civilian sector", with his perceptive and immensely popular "The Lighter Side Of . . . "

The Death Patrol formula grew out of many early French Foreign Legion movies and most recently was utilized in the 1967 film, The Dirty Dozen. The criminal element, losers with nothing to lose, are organized and disciplined after some initial resistance and insubordination, and finally redeem themselves by fighting for a noble cause.

The first Death Patrol story started out like an early Jimmy Stewart downer. "Millionaire playboy", Del Van Dyne, is canned from his job as a pilot with Universal Airlines. The extent of his "crime" seems to be that he's a wealthy free spirit. Meanwhile, five bona fide criminals have escaped from the State Pen and are headed in the same direction as Del Van Dyne, La Guardia "Field".

Van Dyne's stratoliner awaits him, with a full load of gas and fugitives named Butch, Hank, PeeWee, Slick, and Gramps, stowaways in their prison stripes.

The escapees demand to be flown to Boston but the airborne plane is headed out over the Atlantic, to England. The desperate five give Van Dyne an ultimatum, "Turn around or get tossed to the sharks. Every one of us is an ace pilot an' we kin do without you very nicely!!"

The next two panels of Van Dyne's persuasion quickly transforms the five felons into lesser evils.

"Look! Why don't you guys do something decent for once like fighting for England? In the U.S.A. you're marked men. You'll have to slink from hole to hole . . . not even able to sleep in peace. Here's your chance to live dangerously as you are accustomed, and yet be aiding a worthy cause!"

Mebbe the guy's right, Slick!", says one convict.

"What say, mugs? D'ya want t'go over and show them Limeys how to win a war?", Slick inquires.

"Count me in!"

"Me, too!"

"GRAMPS is what they call me! The best "dip" in the biz! Your watch!"

Van Dyne looks at the dangling watch being returned to him by the elderly pickpocket.

Del remarks, "Nice cozy group!" ●

Teaching Cartooning · by Jack Markow

I ran into a painter recently who said he was a drawing instructor at the School of Visual Arts. I told him I had once taught cartooning there for about eight years. "Cartooning?" he asked. "How can you teach that?" "It's true," I said, "and I also taught gag writing." He looked at me even more suspiciously and laughed. "Impossible!" After I had been teaching for some years, a well-known veteran cartoonist phoned me with the information that a cartooning class had been formed at his local community house and he was to be the instructor. "There'll be 16 sessions—what do you tell 'em?"

Indeed—"Cartooning—how do you teach that?" "What do you tell them?" This was the exact dilemma that confronted me when I began as an instructor. I recall the interview in 1947 with Silas Rhodes and Burne Hogarth who were starting the school first known as the 'Cartoonists and Illustrators'. With me was Irwin Caplan who had also been tapped as a teacher of magazine cartooning. Classrooms had been set up on a large floor in a loft building on W. 89th Street to accommodate the influx (hopefully) of World War II veterans who desired study with the aid of the G.I. Bill. Irwin, himself a veteran, declined the job, preferring to use the Bill for a college course on Art History, and I was left alone to cope with the intricacies of teaching Comic Art and idea creation.

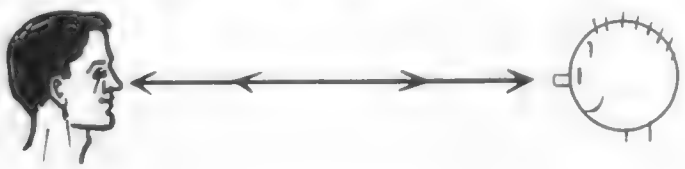
The school's physical layout, while exciting, was unlike any other art school I had been through. Here was a tremendous room, fluorescent-lit, divided into classrooms by means of seven-foot high portable steel partitions. No easels or model stands, part of the decor of more orthodox art institutions, were visible; but instead drawing tables and flat tables with drawing boards lined up in rows like a typical bull-pen. At the end of each room there was a lecturer's pad sitting on an easel. I say this was exciting because the set-up gave promise of direct, fast involvement into professionalism — something I had dreamed of when a kid. At that time however there were no schools of cartooning. I had to reach that goal by a circuitous route, attending the Art Students League (with its emphasis on fine art), progress here from the antique drawing class to the life and anatomy classes, and finally seek out the illustration class as the one link (though slight) to cartooning. The latter I picked up on a job with additional *self* instruction. Mind you I am not knocking the Art Students League; it's a great school; it provided me with a fine foundation and a broad concept of graphics and got me involved in a fine art career — which is another story.

The Cartoonist and Illustrators School taught exactly what its name indicated. Apparently under the G.I. Bill's rules, an instructor had to be present at all times. There were day and night sessions five hours each, five days a week—25 hours a week with personal instruction; a very talented newcomer could virtually become a pro in two weeks time! Besides teaching we had other, more mundane duties such as roll-call, lateness and attendance records to fill out, students' progress reports (government regulations, I presume). We instructors were also required to outline our teaching procedures week by week for each future three months, give out assignments to students (homework) and take outside courses in teaching methods to get a state certificate as a licensed trades school instructor. Evidently, cartooning was a trade by state standards! We not only had to give personal criticisms but deliver lectures and demonstrations regularly besides attending art teachers' meetings. A far cry from schools like the Art Students League! There, sessions were only 3 hours long; the student paid his tuition and was free to show up in class or not—as he wished; if he wanted to goof-off in the lunch room all evening, that was his prerogative. Classes were run by a "monitor" who set up the model and clocked the times of posing and resting. The instructor, usually a well-known artist, came in twice a week. His job: proceeding from easel to easel giving each student a few minutes time in assessment of said student's current rendition of the model's pose. Usually, no lectures, no demonstrations. One instructor I had would sometimes stop in for five minutes, look around and say, "You're all doing fine—you don't need me tonight," and leave. Perhaps not a bad idea!

At the C. & I., however, we were involved with practical art—art for money, not glory and posterity—and it had to be "nose to the drawing board" for everyone. The teaching staff was small to begin with: Burne Hogarth, Assistant Director, taught Foundation (including lectures on Anatomy), adventures strips, balloon lettering, etc. All students had to spend some time in the Foundation classes before venturing into a cartoon specialty. There was a class in Illustration taught by Sheridan, Saturday Evening Post cover illustrator, one in advertising art, and classes in comic book and strip drawing by Tom Gill—and later, Jerry Robinson, and my class in magazine cartooning. The low partitions posed a problem; often, 3 or 4 instructors would be lecturing at one time. Naturally, through the somewhat garbled sound effects, the strongest voice won. Later, before we all became completely mad, we moved to an entire building on East 23rd Street, became the School of Visual Arts, and we each had an en-

Creating a Cartoon Style

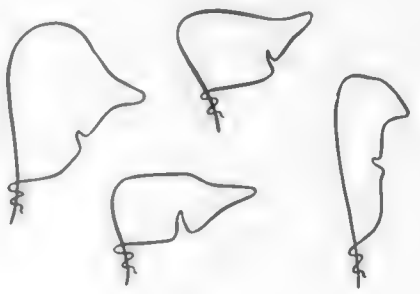
A cartoon is a stenographic approach to drawing. Getting your idea across *quickly*, *surely*, and *with humor* is most important. In most cases a too naturalistic portrayal of features, clothes, and background slows down the action of the cartoon. Therefore, we have to create symbols for the whole figure and its various parts.



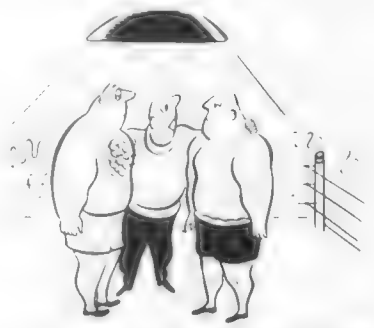
Somewhere between the two extremes shown above lies your particular style of cartoon.

Instead of using a naturalistic head outline, start with a simple abstract shape, such as an oval.

Consider this oval as a piece of wire which may be pulled and stretched into various shapes. As an experiment, take a piece of thin wire, and shape it into a silhouette of a head. Then mold it in various directions. The effects gained will give you a sense of the liberty you have to create outlines and forms.



A cartoon style, whether tending towards the abstract (below) or the more realistic (next page), must be based on simple forms.

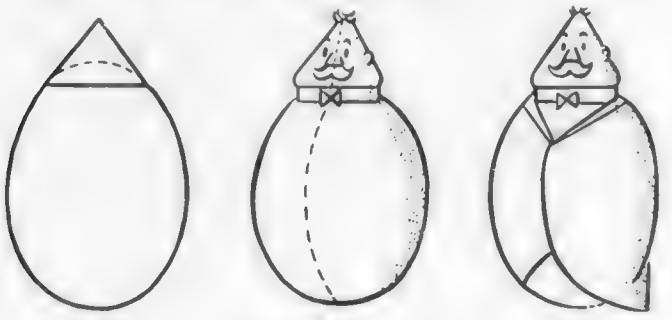


"You know the rules of the State Wrestling Commission, now get out there and act!"

Constructing a Complete Figure

Taking the first head which we constructed, let us build up a figure, complete with arms and legs. Just as you started with a simple shape for the head, indicate a simple form for the body. You again have the choice of an oval, pear shape, square, rectangle, triangle or any other simple shape. You have a triangular head. What body shape will go best with it: triangle, oval, square, rectangle? In this case an oval or pear shape will be the best basis for the body.

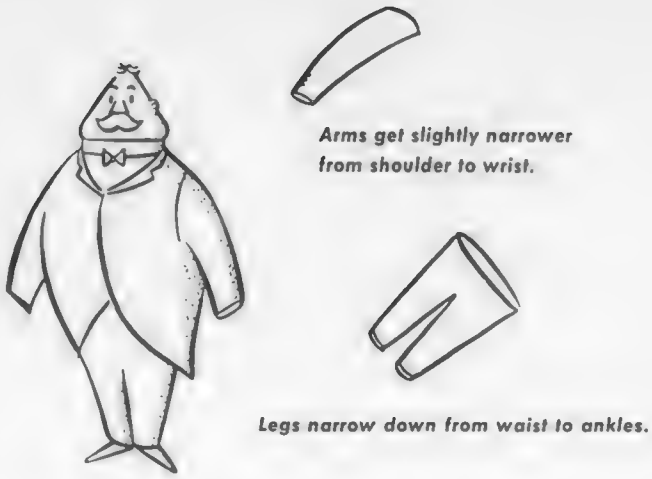
In drawing, *contrast* is most important whether it is contrasting shapes, contrasting lines, or contrasting tones. This helps make a picture interesting to the eye and mind. Therefore—angular head, round body. Also, for the type we are portraying here, the oval is best as a motif for a substantial figure to go with a substantial type.



A. Head superimposed on oval.

B. Simple shadow to denote form. Dotted line indicates center of body, a guide to drawing clothes.

C. Triangles for lapels. Cutaway coat indicated.



Arms get slightly narrower from shoulder to wrist.

Legs narrow down from waist to ankles.

Get a feeling in your drawing of the lapel going all the way around the head. At this stage, use tubular forms to indicate arms and legs.

SIDE VIEW

Even if the figure is in full profile, it is wise to indicate what is happening on the side of the body we cannot see.

closed room to ourselves without outside distraction.

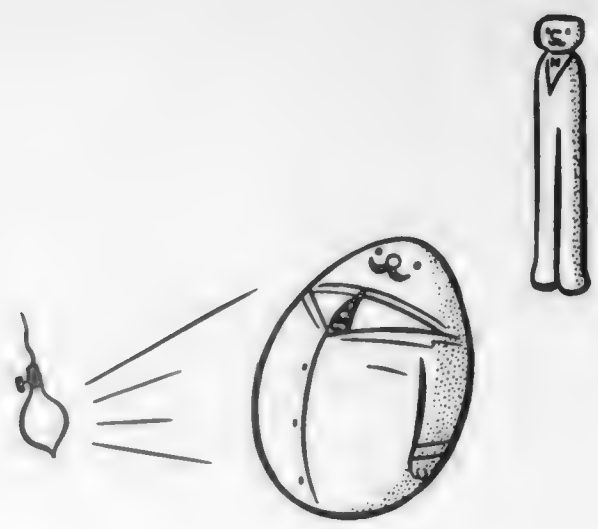
Back to the cartoon course which I had to devise from scratch. Our empty loft was soon filled with eager, hardened war veterans—average age about 22. I had about 40 in my first class—a mix of talent (or no-talent) and experience. Some were capable of only crude doodles; others like Dick Cavalli, Jerry Marcus and Jack Tyrell had fine natural ability; some had also done work for reproduction while in the armed forces. Marv Tannenberg amazed me with his instant recall and excellent drawings of G.I.'s in combat uniform and minute detail of guns and other weapons. Don Orehek, a later student, could quickly reel off free-wheeling sketches of a variety of comic characters. At a later date, private, self-paying persons joined the class—notably Robert Weber who was then a successful men's fashion artist who wanted to switch to magazine cartooning—and Bill Gallo (then also a pro about to take over as full-time sports cartoonist for the New York Daily News) who wanted tips on better drawing. Weber's technique was flawless; his first cartoon attempts were good replicas of Arno's, but of course he has since found his own thing with a vengeance and now enjoys great exposure in leading magazines and national ads. Bill Gallo can now give me lessons.

There you have it—some guys were interested in sports, some in funny comic strips, some in political cartoons, a few wanted to work for the New Yorker, many wanted to do general magazine cartoons, and some couldn't even draw and did not know what they wanted to do. This called for a workshop set-up with each student pursuing his own thing and the instructor giving individual criticisms. A workshop? Our class soon developed into a professional art department with advanced students coming up with okays from such magazines as *Collier's, Argosy,* and the *Saturday Evening Post;* even the novices were bringing in acceptances from minor publications. About 80% of the class was selling; "earning while learning" became a fact. All in our workshop were encouraged to produce batches of sketches for submission to editors, do finishes for okayed roughs, or work on syndicated material—provided they adhered to our curriculum; produced their class assignments, listened to lectures, paid attention to demonstrations such as those on various techniques (even some on mat-cutting). The cartoon course in basics was particularly aimed at the novice, but I'm sure the sophisticated student learned something from it just as I did when I delved into the devising of it. A note here: Many pros have hit upon cartoon drawing and style by trial and error; also, gag creation may come to some naturally although more often it takes years of effort and sweating it out to acquire a good gag sense. Many talented guys in the class would eventually have made it on their own, but personal instruction and guidance acted as a time-saver.

The course (which I later developed into several books) centered on realistic drawing and its conversion via symbols (a shorthand method) into simple, expressive pictures. The head and body (static) became one week's work, the figure in action another week's lesson. Then there were characterization, accessories such as hair, hats and other clothing, eyeglasses, etc.; the inevitable variety of facial expressions essential to cartooning, two-figure composition, more elaborate composition, backgrounds, props, line, wash and color techniques, style, types, animals, lettering, presentation, slant, and where to sell. There was added instruction in spot drawing, humorous illustration, greeting card conception and funny single panels and comic strips for syndication. Enough to keep everyone busy for awhile. We have not mentioned the area of gag thinking which was always with us as part of the course—so large a subject we need another article (our next) to deal with *that.* I am often asked, "Which comes first—the gag or drawing?" Well, if you are a working cartoonist, you need a gag before you do a drawing—although on very rare occasions, pros doodle pictures and try to come up with an idea later. However, if the novice had the gag first, he would not have the ability to convert the idea into proper picture form. So for him the drawing must have priority; he must first acquire the basics of drawing, of style, of technique—also facility—and then there will be a perfect juxtaposition of idea and picture.

Our students were allowed free range in developing their own style. Our system dealt mostly with the skeletal part—the anatomy of cartooning. They could either draw with vast economy of means or, if they desired, employ more realism—free to develop an illustrative, semi-realistic cartoon style. We had numerous outdoor sketching trips—the Fulton Fish Market, Central Park, Broadway—where props and background could be converted by each student into his individual method of cartoon expression. At times, we had a model in class doing quick poses. There were few modern how-to cartoon books in those days—but there certainly was a wealth of cartoon collections of current artists for inspiration. And the walls of the classroom were lined with originals generously donated

Force an indication of the other arm by showing the left hand and cigar. The left leg adds both dimension and stability to the figure.

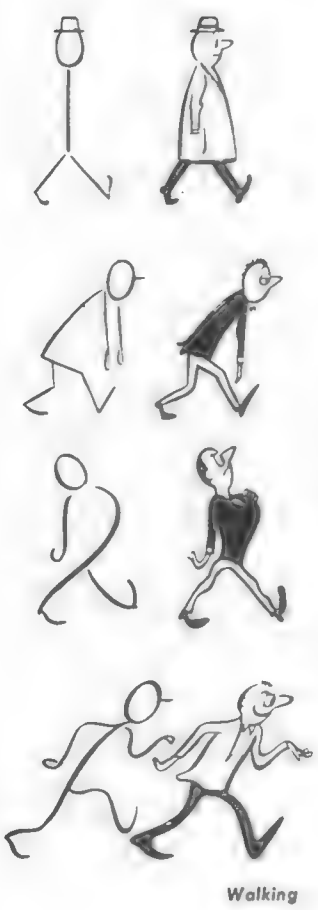


BACK VIEW

Note coat hanger bulge to express shoulders.

Keep your figures compact, well-knit, and as simple in silhouette as possible. Try this: Raid your icebox and get a hard-boiled egg. When the egg is lighted from one side, observe form and the simplicity of contour. For contrasting shape do the same with a clothespin. Consider the simplicity of these two forms as the basis of cartoon drawing. Draw the head, clothes, and features on the egg and clothespin.

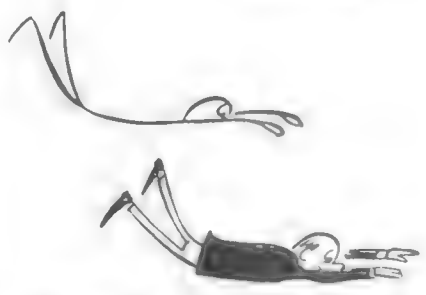
Up to now we have worked with the *static* figure. In a later chapter we will study the figure in action. But first, practice with the static figure, using various body and head shapes in different combinations, rounding out certain parts, and choosing those features you wish to emphasize. The more you practice along these lines, the faster you will develop your own particular cartoon style.



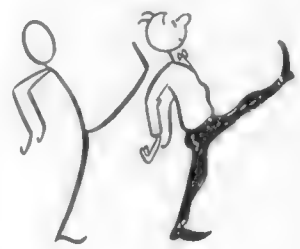
Walking

Graceful fall

Awkward fall

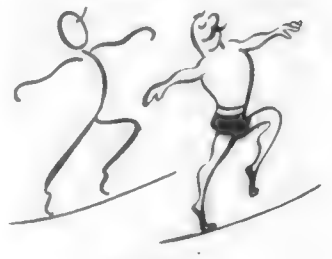


Three-point landing



Kicking

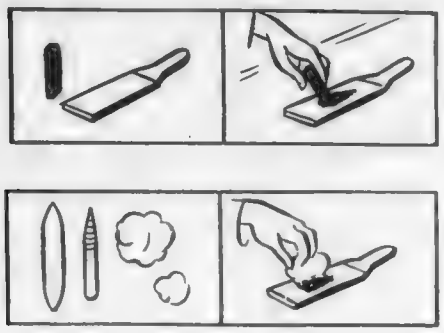
Back kick



Balancing

Rubbed Tone

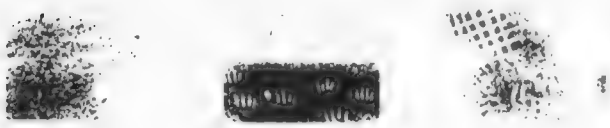
Rub the conte stick over a sandpaper block, creating pencil dust.



For rubbed tones, use No. 2 black conte stick and sandpaper block.

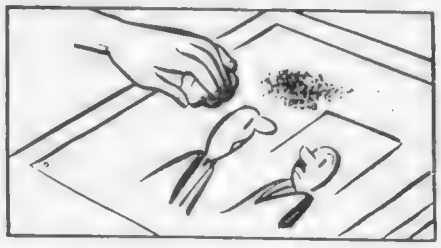
Rubbed tone reproduces about the same as wash, and is easier to handle and control. You can make changes and erasures quite easily, lay down flat tones over large areas, and obtain interesting textural effects.

Rub paper stumps (available in art stores) or absorbent cotton over the pencil dust on the sandpaper block. The paper stumps or cotton can then be applied to the drawing paper.



Whites picked out with a pointed, kneaded eraser

Use larger wad of cotton for larger areas, smaller wads and stumps for smaller areas. Tones once put down on paper may be lightened by rubbing a piece of *clean* cotton over them. Tones that don't satisfy may be entirely erased (with a kneaded eraser) and a new tone applied.



EXAMPLES OF DRAWINGS
FOR HALF-TONE REPRODUCTION

Rubbed tone

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"From now on Ulag-18 will review the books on interplanetary travel."

by artists and publications for even further inspiration. The history of single panel cartooning was not neglected; books and prints by the old masters such as Goya, Rowlandson, and Daumier were on display. Likewise, examples of the more recent masters such as C.D. Gibson, Opper, Sullivant, etc. were circulated, giving the students a sense of history and pride in the profession, and also an idea of the varieties of forms and styles possible in cartooning.

When you have 30 or 40 persons in the same room for five-hour sessions, all avid and aiming for an identical goal—they are bound to learn from each other. Occasionally, an element of suspicion may have reared its ugly head. One student for example recorded his gag lines in shorthand. Were these stenographic notes a time-saver or was he afraid some other student would "lift" his precious gag? On the whole, the students were cooperative, helping each other on drawing problems, and generous in trading marketing information. Eventually, some teamed up on syndication—one as the idea man, the other as the artist. Harry Lampert and I handled the evening classes—Dan Koerner, the day sessions. Former students Marv Tannenberg and Jim Whiting later became assistant instructors. Also, at a later date, Ed Nofziger, Charles Strauss, Bill VonRiegan, and Dave Pascal had their innings as instructors in magazine cartooning. Our special lectures were given by such cartoon editors as Charles Rice and Ralph Stein of *This Week*, Marione Nichols and John Bailey of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and cartoonists Jeff Keate, Ted Key, Bill King, Tom Henderson, CEM, Al Capp, Ham Fisher, and others. Out of these classes came many successful panel and strip syndicate cartoonists, sports cartoonists, humor-advertising artists, cartoon editors, audio-visual artists and, last but not least, magazine cartoonists. In addition to those I have already mentioned (forgive me if I've missed a few) some of these artists are Bob Schroeter, Ed Dahlin, Peter Porges, Frank Ridgeway, Hap Lyons, Rodrigues, Bernard Lansky, Cy Olson, Scott Taber (Val), Pete Wyma, Lenny Herman, Dan Danglo, Larry Barth, Bob Weber, and Busino.

The School of Visual Arts today has large, impressive space at 209 East 23 Street, New York City. It is a fine and successful school. A major part of its teaching nowadays is in painting, sculpture and graphics—the fine arts. Practical courses are still given in advertising, illustration, fashion, lettering, layout and technical illustration. There is some instruction in cartooning but it is lumped into a category called Journalistic Art. The large cartoon classes helped by the G.I. Bill and inspired by the great demand for cartoons during the late 40's and early 50's are unfortunately gone.

(The illustrations shown with this column are from the book, "Drawing and Selling Cartoons," by Jack Markow, published by Pitman, and demonstrate some of the teaching methods used in the classroom.)

"I've lost track, Tim. How many stories have we got to go yet?"

THE NEW YORKER

Scorchy Smith

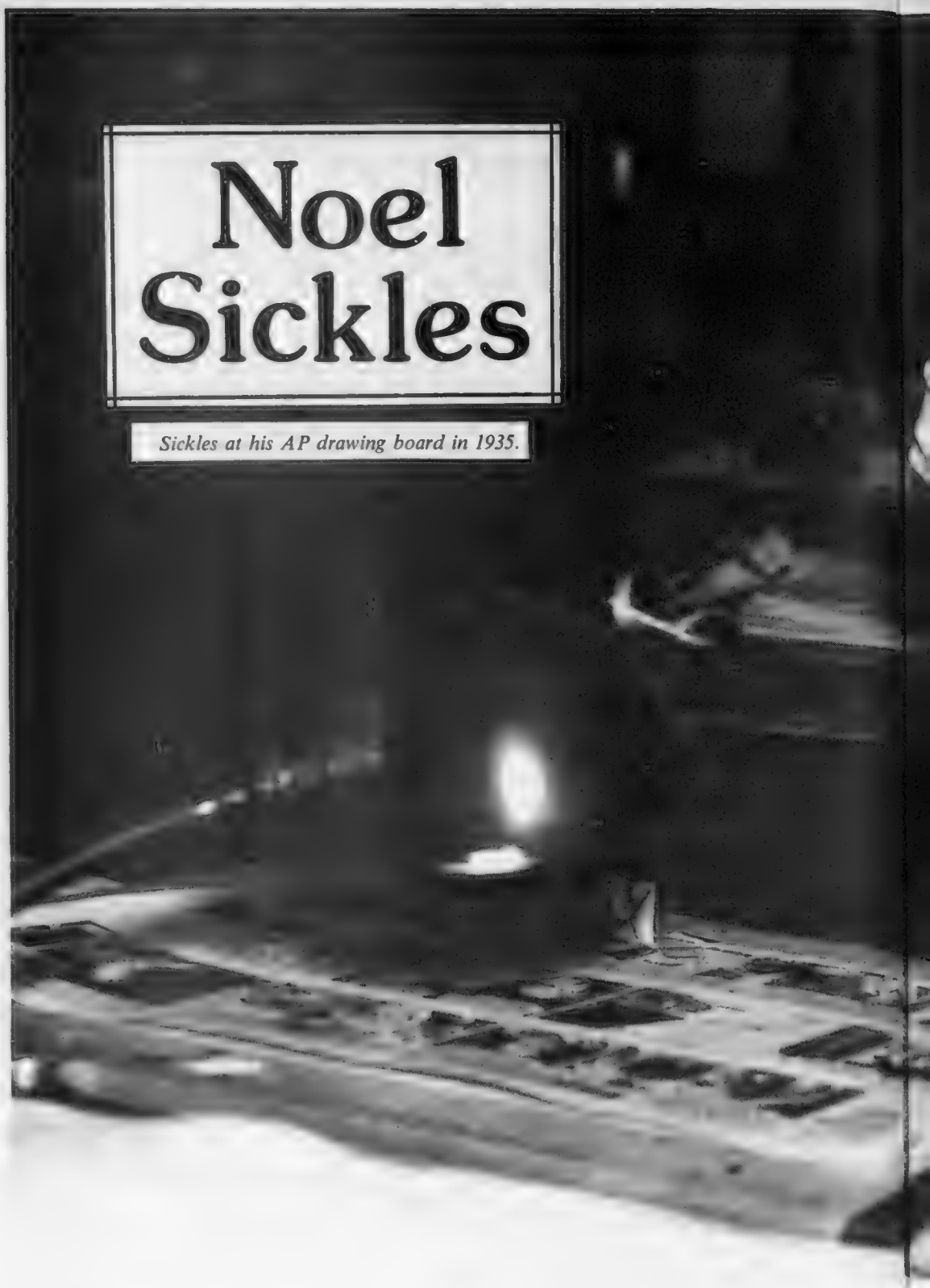
NOEL SICKLES is the man credited by the various histories of the comics with using vivid brushwork to bring chiaroscuro to the funnies. The strip his innovative style appeared in was SCORCHY SMITH, distributed by the ASSOCIATED PRESS. Remarkably, Sickles was only associated with the strip for two-and-a-half years. He then went on to have a distinguished career in freelance illustration. Most recently his work has appeared in The National Geographic.
We'd like to add that since Sickles himself does not have a collection of Scorchy originals, the examples included here were reproduced from photostats made long ago. Thus our thanks to Jerry Robinson, the author of THE COMICS, for letting us borrow some of his collection of stats, and apologies to Noel, if the reproductions are not always what they might be.
Sickles was interviewed recently by Bill Crouch, Jr. in Stamford, Connecticut.

By Bill Crouch, Jr.

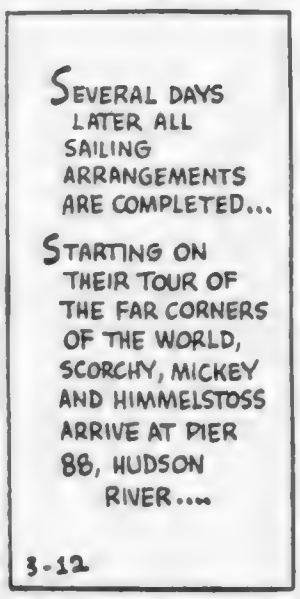
CROUCH: Do you still get quite a bit of mail from fans of your "Scorchy Smith" work?
SICKLES: It fascinates me. I get letters from all over the country. People want to know about this and that on Scorchy. At first I didn't believe it, but I guess I did come up with a new style at the time. People write for original art, but the unfortunate thing is I never kept any originals. The AP Feature Service went to a lot of small papers. When I started Scorchy I was getting $47.50 a week. The strip was in less than 100 papers. When I left it was in 250 and this gain resulted from editors having seen the strip, as AP never had any sales force. On the basis of the success of Scorchy I forced AP to raise my salary to $70 a week and then again to $125. Still, this was good for the Depression. However, for a syndicated cartoonist it was bad. The corporate chicanery of the Associated Press tried to keep the cartoonist from knowing how many papers subscribed to the strip. The secret cartoonist intelligence section within AP discovered they were making $1,500 a week from the strip. I was getting ripped off and it is one of the main reasons I left.

CROUCH: Using basically the same style of art, you moved into freelance illustration. What do you think is the state of contemporary illustration?
SICKLES: Overall the visual world is overwhelmed by the writers and editors. I was in Washington D.C. and picked up the "Washington Post." I still don't believe they print Herblock's cartoon so small. I think the current period of illustration is the ugly period.

Noel Sickles



Sickles at his AP drawing board in 1935.


SEVERAL DAYS LATER ALL SAILING ARRANGEMENTS ARE COMPLETED...
STARTING ON THEIR TOUR OF THE FAR CORRONERS OF THE WORLD, SCORCHY, MICKEY AND HIMMELSTOSS ARRIVE AT PIER 88, HUDSON RIVER....
3-12

NOON – THE BIG SHIP CASTS LOOSE, GLIDING SMOOTHLY BACKWARD OUT OF THE DOCK. A HORDE OF SNORTING TUGS TURN HER AROUND IN MID-RIVER. PASSING THE BATTERY, SHE GLIDES DOWN THE NARROWS AND INTO THE OUTER HARBOR .... SANDY HOOK, THEN THE OPEN SEA ....

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Scorchy Smith

CRASH!!
THE WAR-TIME GERMAN ALBATROSS DRIVES INTO THE GROUND!! FROM THE TWISTED WRECKAGE OF THE ANTIQUATED SHIP A CURL OF SMOKE RISES!
FIRE!!
9-3
THE FIELD EMERGENCY CREWS CAREEN ACROSS TOWARD THE BLAZING WRECKAGE! SCORCHY RIDES ABOARD THE CHEMICAL TRUCK..
NOEL SICKLES
© 1935 The A. P. All Rights Reserved
SUFFOCATING FROM THE THICK BLACK SMOKE, THE REBEL SOLDIERS ABANDON ALL THOUGHT OF PURSUIT....
STOP! STOP THEES TRAIN - I AM STIFLEENG!
TO THEENK I QUIT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT TO JOIN THEES ARMEE!
UNABLE TO STAND THE FUMES, THE SUFFERING MEN SIEZE THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO TO GO OVERBOARD...
N·E·L SICKLES
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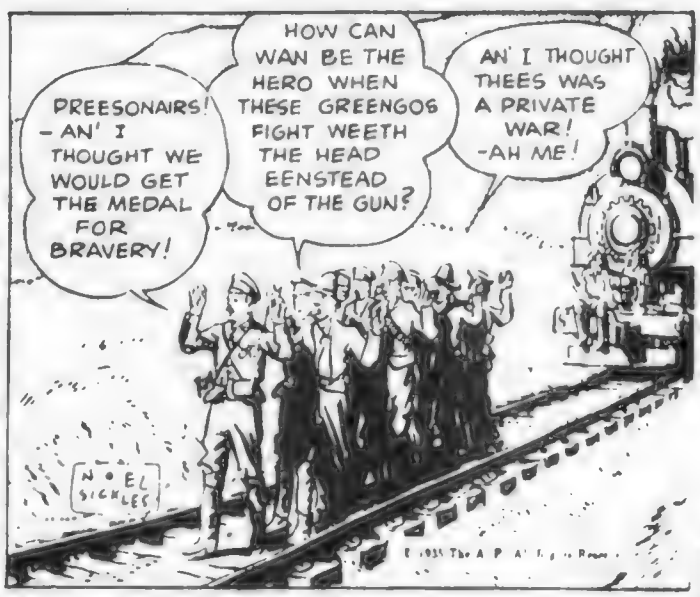
AH!
THE RUSE IS WORKING - SCORCHY AND SPIKE DRIVE ARMARA'S SOLDIERS AHEAD OF THEM AS THEY CROSS THE TRESTLE TOWARD FEDERAL TERRITORY!
RUN ALONG LIKE GOOD LITTLE BOYS OR WE'LL KNOCK YOUR HEADS TOGETHER!.
-GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES- GIT ALONG!
6-13
HAVE MERCY SEÑOR! DO NOT RUN US DOWN WEETH THE LOCOMOTEEVE!
203

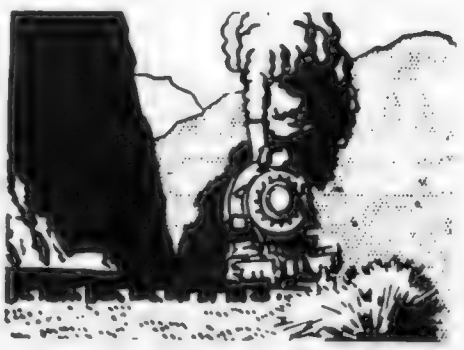
REACHING THE SPLINTERED SHIP, SCORCHY PULLS HIMMELSTOSS FROM THE COCKPIT! AS THEY FALL BACK, THE SHIP EXPLODES!
HEINIE!! -CAN YOU HEAR ME? - SPEAK TO ME - HEINIE !!
YAH! I - HEAR - YOU SCORCHER SCHMIDT! -I - MAYBE - MAYBE DISS - DISS IS - DER END - UFF - HIMMELSTOSS -YES? - I - I -
-HE'S LOST CONSCIOUSNESS! -HE'S PRETTY BADLY OFF - GET HIM IN THE AMBULANCE -

THAT, MY FRIEND, IS THAT! - BOY! WE SURE PUT THE SKIDS UNDER OLD ARMARA'S PLAYMATES! THEY WONT WANT TO SEE A TRAIN 'TIL NEXT CHRISTMAS!
YEAH!..

-NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS RUN THE GANTLET AT DIABLO PASS AND GET PAST THE BRIDGE GUARDS AT THE RIO PELOTA - PRACTICALLY A QUIET AFTERNOON WITH OUR BOOKS!
HUH ?
S-18

Noel Sickles today.


PREESONAIRS! - AN' I THOUGHT WE WOULD GET THE MEDAL FOR BRAVERY!
HOW CAN WAN BE THE HERO WHEN THESE GREENGOS FIGHT WEETH THE HEAD EENSTEAD OF THE GUN?
AN' I THOUGHT THEES WAS A PRIVATE WAR! -AH ME!
NOEL SICKLES



Parachute attack begins on Malemi airfield, which lies at the foot of the distant mountains (*far right under column of smoke*). Parachutists climb into bomb craters previously made by German bombers on the crest of the hill (*left*), fire from there and from the roof of a nearby cottage (*right center*) against the British defenses, which lie on the plain between the parachutists and airfield and are being strafed and bombed by German fighters and dive bombers. White smoke marks where bombs are exploding on British lines.

CRETE INVASION

AIR-BORNE TROOPS CONQUER THE ISLAND FOR THE NAZIS

Last week, after ten days of some of the fiercest fighting of the war, Crete fell to the men from Mars who speak German. By plane and glider they had flown 150 miles across the Mediterranean from Greece to seize the strategic island from its 50,000 Anzac and Greek defenders in the first completely air-borne invasion in history.

At dawn on May 20, Nazi bombers softened up the Allied defenses in a raid which fulfilled the function of an oldtime artillery barrage. Then thousands of parachutists plummeted down in an aerial version of "going over the top." Their prime objective was to seize the five British airfields on Crete, including Malemi whose capture is shown in the drawings on these pages.

With Malemi in German hands, some 1,200 Junkers transports next began shuttling infantry and supplies, including 5-ton tanks, across from Greece. Elsewhere plane drawn gliders swooped down in threes on mountain slopes and on fields, discharging as many as ten men at a clip. Other planes landed on roads and beaches. Wrecking squads landed among the first parachutists, quickly removed the wreckage of crashed planes to make way for more landings.

These Crete Invasion Illustrations by Noel Sickles appeared in 'Life' magazine.

Look at the "New York Times" Op-Ed page. What does fantasy have to do with news?

CROUCH: Although you are mentioned in numerous books on the comics, it's usually in relation to "Scorchy," with little of your background except that you and Milton Caniff are personal friends of long standing.

SICKLES: Milt and I knew each other from Columbus, Ohio. I started my career as staff artist on the "Columbus Citizen," a Scripps-Howard newspaper. I began there in 1929, the day after I graduated from high school. I stayed with the "Citizen" for eight months and then left for the famous C.N. Landon School of Cartooning in Cleveland, Ohio.

It seemed every cartoonist that I ever ran into from that time was a graduate of Landon's mail order cartoon course. Anyway, C.N. (Charles Nelson) Landon invited me to Cleveland and at age 19, I was the guy correcting the homework of students mailed in from all over the country.

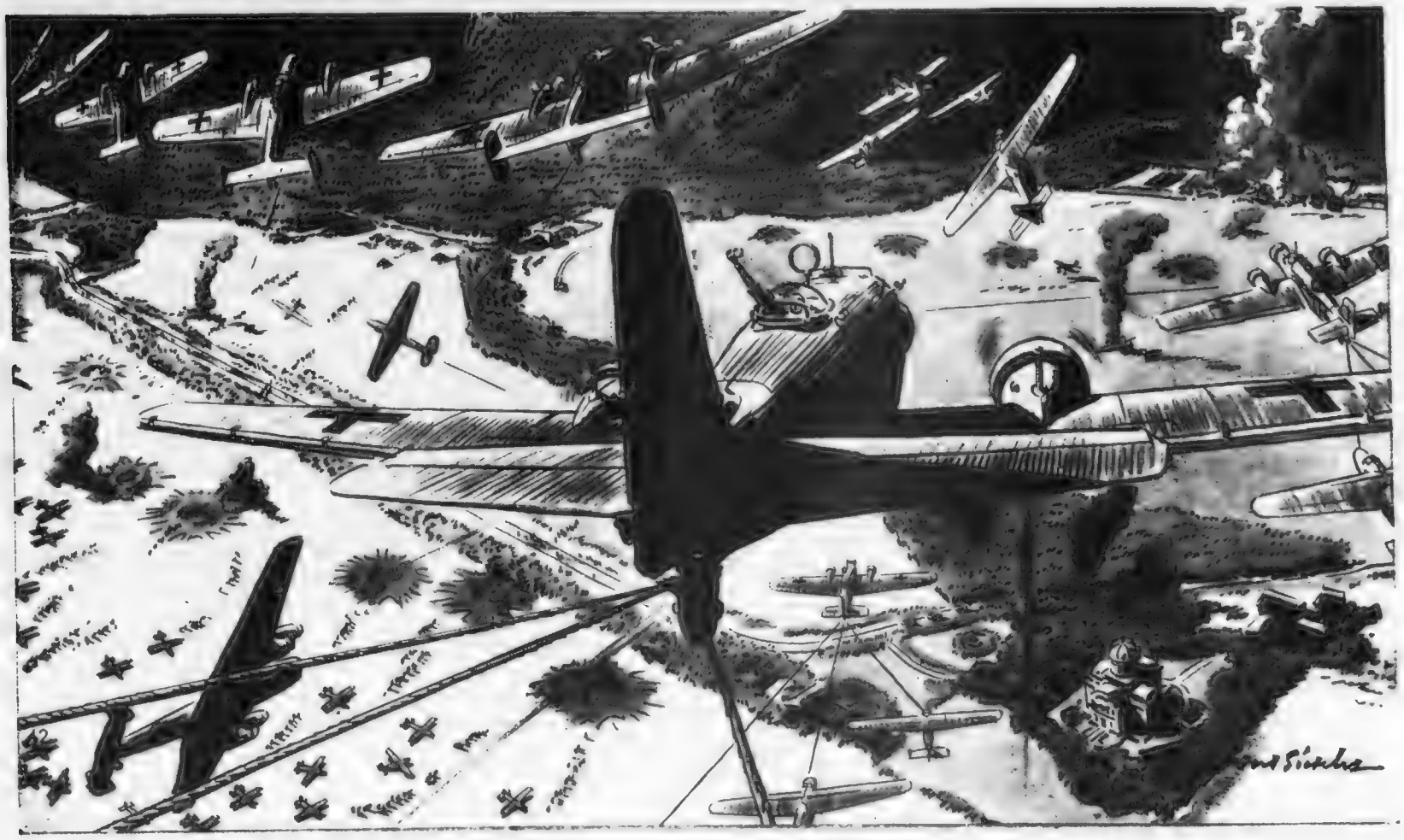
When the political cartoonist on the "Ohio State Journal," a man named Westerman, became ill, I was lured back to Columbus. The paper was the most important political paper in the state. This was fine for awhile but being a kid and stupid, I quit the job in the middle of the Depression. Briefly, Milt Caniff and I ran a commercial art studio together in Columbus. However, in the bottom of the Depression things were slow. He then went on to Associated Press and told them about me. I was hired by AP in 1933. My job was staff artist and I drew political caricatures of new Senators and Congressional representatives for distribution to local papers. These were just pencils but reproduced very well and had the advantage of a full tonal range. I remember one of the first things I did was the picture of a woman done in a woodcut style.

CROUCH: Does any single news event of this period stand out as being particularly memorable to you?

SICKLES: I did drawings of news events of all kinds. Today editors don't seem to realize the value of a news drawing when a photo is impossible. The one I think most memorable was when the dirigible Akron went down in a storm in the Pacific Ocean. The word came in and I had two hours to do the drawing. A storm had forced it into the ocean and the impact had broken it in two. I had to figure out where it would break and what sort of rescue ships would be looming over the horizon. I picked cruisers. Interestingly enough, this did prove to be the right choice. This picture was the first drawing ever transmitted over wirephoto to papers around the country. At first the wirephoto people didn't want to send it because it wasn't a photo. But it was sent and was published on Page One of most newspapers.

CROUCH: You did regular political cartooning for AP also prior to taking over "Scorchy Smith." Would you please reminisce

Glider troops arrive near the Malemi airdrome, whose hangars have already been severely bombed and are burning in the distance (*right background*), after the first groups of parachutists have pressed the British troops back across the road which runs parallel to the airfield in the center of the drawing. Towed by Junkers transport planes (*foreground*) and flanked by big Messerschmitt twin-engined fighters (*left*), the gliders release their cables and like the three up ahead bank steeply to sideslip onto the glider field next to the road.



on that for our readers?

SICKLES: When I did them, the AP political cartoon was syndicated in about 300 newspapers. There was always an editorial meeting to pick out a subject, but the content of the cartoon was my responsibility. After the meeting I returned to my desk and worked out eight to 12 ideas. The first three or four were usually cliches that often surfaced from the subconscious. Ideas that you had seen before and the like. For example, say John L. Lewis, the labor leader, threatened a strike. I would follow a system. I started by looking at objects around the room. This stimulated me to build the cartoon idea in my mind. A fork might make me see John L. poking industry with a pitchfork for example.

A cartoon I got a lot of reaction over was one I did when Edward gave up the throne of England. I drew Edward, John Bull — the traditional symbol of England — and Wallis Warfield on a park bench. The bench was too small and the ex-king and his fiance are hanging off. The caption was, "Three's a crowd."

All the time I did political cartoons, I never submitted any in the Pulitzer competition. I disagreed with the whole thing. There again it's the editors not the cartoonists doing the judging.

CROUCH: How were you picked to take over "Scorchy Smith?"

SICKLES: John Terry, who was the first AP cartoonist, became ill and I was asked to take over. It was just another job. Terry was the brother of the fellow who did Terrytoons. His figure drawing style was one that I had to follow in the beginning, even though it was at odds with everything I had learned about drawing.

I had taught myself to draw by copying Charles Keene and other mid-nineteenth century English illustrators from books in the library. The Pre-Raphaelite artists were tremendous draftsmen. Also Howard Pyle and Edward Abbey were major influences. I bought "Life" and the other humor magazines and was a fan of T.S. Sullivant's work. In the funnies I was fond of J.R. Williams' work. I also copied from the great German humor magazine "Simplicissimus."

So I copied Terry's style for three to six months. Being an old copiest, it was no problem. When Terry died, I decided to change the look of the strip. The people at AP and the various editors of subscribing newspapers never noticed the change until it had become the "Scorchy Smith" look because I made the changes subtly over a six month period.

CROUCH: Would you please elaborate on your "Scorchy Smith" style and how you actually accomplished it. Many of our readers draw and enjoy reading about the technical

Junkers transport planes land on a road close to Malemi and are immediately taxied off to either side of the road, sometimes crashing like the plane at the far right. Waiting Germans then unload guns, ammunition, motorcycles and fuel drums from these planes and transfer them to captured British trucks (*right-hand corner*) which will carry the supplies to glider troops whose gliders have landed in the distance on the other side of the road. The Germans at this point do not care if they crack up planes so long as they get the supplies.

For the first four days a British fleet doggedly kept German convoys away from Crete (*see p. 44*), but as the Allies were never able to recapture Malemi airport, the air-borne invaders soon outnumbered the defense. With its airfields in enemy hands, the R. A. F. had meanwhile been forced to retreat from Crete on the third day and two afternoons later German bombers reduced Crete's three chief towns to ruins as complete as those of ancient Knossos.

Half-dead from lack of sleep, half-crazed by incessant bombing, the defenders fought furiously but in vain because they lacked adequate air support or sizable re-inforcements. New Zealand Maoris whooped tribal yells as they bayoneted Germans and Cretan women helped their menfolk slit the throats of parachutists (*see p. 44*). Of the first 3,000 parachutists to land, almost all were killed or captured. One of the first to land was Max Schmeling. The British reported this ex-heavyweight champion to have been killed but the Germans insisted he had been flown back to a hospital in Greece suffering from "a slight tropical disease."

After most of the hard fighting had been done, Italian troops made their first belated appearance at the east end of the island. With the fall of Canea, Crete's capital, and Suda Bay, the naval base, on the ninth day, the shattered Allies were cut off from means of escape except possibly in small sailboats or destroyers that may carry some of them to Egypt under cover of darkness.

Although Nazi losses were high, they were trifling compared to the possession of an island which jeopardizes Britain's position in the entire Near East and further cramps the striking power of its Eastern Mediterranean Fleet. To gain this position the Nazis sacrificed some 250 planes and perhaps 8,000 men.

aspects of a style.

SICKLES: I think the "Scorchy Smith" style was really my natural style of drawing, although the work on the comic strip was only my first stage of development in it. The reason so many comic strips of that era looked weak was that they lacked color. Now color can be black and white. I felt they needed a greater contrast of light and dark in the comics. Roy Crane for example was using a lot of blacks but not in terms of light and shadows. I was impressed by Monet and other Impressionist painters in their handling of light. The key to the style is eliminating unnecessary lines. Look at a Sisley painting. He's an artist I think grossly underrated. You can't imagine how he could have achieved the effects he did any more simply.

I worked on three-ply Strathmore and tried everything from a No. 170 to No. 303 pen. For a brush it was strictly the old standby, a Winsor-Newton series seven, No. 3 watercolor brush. I prefer them with as short a hair as possible as it makes a better point. After pencilling in the figures and background I would work with the brush. With it I would fill in the shadows, the ones under the nose, the backgrounds, everywhere. I never used the brush on the outline of a figure or object. The pen has a mysterious quality on an outline and a brush looks too slick. Also I feel the pen line has a directness lacking in brush line. Using the brush prior to the pen helps you simplify your drawing. The style itself never seems to get old hat. I also used some Benday. I learned to use single tone that I picked out especially because it had a dot within a dot which reinforced it. The dots tend to break down in newspaper reproduction. I never used double tone and think it doesn't reproduce as successfully as single tone.

CROUCH: Did you also write "Scorchy Smith" as well as draw it?

SICKLES: Yes, after I took it over, I wrote it except for one brief period Milt (Caniff) wrote it. He devised a regular plot just like a novel, whereas I worked along with only vague plot ideas. With me it was simply good guys against bad guys. "Scorchy" of course was a real Boy Scout. Mostly I wrote from day to day, not knowing what was coming next. I basically used the formula of the classic western story for my scripts. I felt the reader read the strip day-to-day, so why not write it that way. "Scorchy" was the product of a romantic era. We're very much into an anti-romantic era now.

CROUCH: When you stopped doing "Scorchy" you dropped out of sight for a while. What course did your career take after "Scorchy"?

SICKLES: I retired after "Scorchy" and stayed retired until I got bored. I had quit college after my Freshman year and spent this

)LLOW THE EXPERTS

HE SPARK PLUGS CHAMPIONS USE!

Noel Sickles advertising illustrations.

time reading economics, philosophy and especially history. It was 1940 when I really started my freelance career again. I sent my samples around and in two or three months the "Scorchy" style with charcoal tone was being selected for many ad illustrations.

CROUCH: Didn't you do some advertising work while still at AP? I know some tear sheet collectors seek out your Mr. Coffee Nerves Postum ads that you and Milton Caniff did.

SICKLES: That's funny because the Postum ads were only for a very short period, only about 10 weeks. Milt and I didn't collaborate on them at all. Rather he and I did them on alternate weeks. It's hard to remember the specific ads after all these years.

CROUCH: During World War II you were with "Life" as an illustrator. Did you get overseas as a combat artist?

SICKLES: No, not at all and I am not sure the combat artist in the field is as successful as often thought to be. Just before World War II I did a series of Army manuals on the techniques of fighting and using equipment such as flares and machine guns, all done in the "Scorchy" style. However, at this time my style, though the same in principle, had advanced into tone with the use of charcoal. Then I continued the style using colored inks. With colored ink you can put down a solid black and then put down a color over it that would give it a glazed appearance. Al Dorne was a master of colored inks. I think the end result is closest to glazing an oil painting. The one drawback from colored inks was that they fade with time. However, I have discovered that if the ink is mixed with clear acrylic it won't fade and the color will be permanently bright. You can mix it even up to one half acrylic and one half ink.

The major work I did in World War II was for "Life." It was a series of 30 charcoal drawings showing the ways to fight enemy tanks. "Life" published 15 of the drawings and it created quite a stir at the time. I showed the Mark III and Mark IV, and others, included French and Czech tanks which had been captured and were used by the enemy.

I also did news illustrations for "Life." These included the German parachute attack on Crete. One job called for showing the entire Japanese fleet by classes. I researched the illustration between "Jane's Fighting Ships" and our Naval Intelligence at the Pentagon. In fact I had to tone down the pictures so the Japanese wouldn't know exactly how much we knew about their vessels. During the war I worked at the Pentagon itself about six months and used to commute there from my home in West Nyack, New York. The only cartoonist I knew there was Hank Ketcham, although others were certainly working in Washington.

CROUCH: After the war your career returned to advertising art or was it mainly magazine illustration?

SICKLES: After the war I began illustrating adventure stories for "Saturday Evening Post." I'd do any adventure story but mainly it turned out to be westerns. I also continued to work for "Life" and "Look." in the 1950's and 60's I did a lot of work for "Readers Digest" for their condensed books. Sometimes I would just sign the work N.S., but often I would just forget to sign it, which is easier to do than it sounds. Currently I've been doing some things for "National Geographic." Interestingly enough, one of them was a black and white illustration as the editors wanted to experiment and see how a black and white illustration would look amongst all the color in the magazine. They decided it looked fine.

E Gurney

ERIC GURNEY, the noted cartoonist who has illustrated a number of very popular humorous books about animals, has also had long experience in advertising cartooning for major agencies, and as an idea man and artist for the Walt Disney Studios. He illustrated 'How to Live with a Neurotic Dog', which was published by Prentice-Hall in 1960, and 'How to Live with a Calculating Cat', published in 1962. In some cases Eric creates all the comic situations which will be included in a book, and does the illustrations, with captions being added by another writer. On other occasions he and his late wife, Nancy, collaborated, with Nancy doing the writing and Eric the drawing. This was the situation with 'The King, the Mice and the Cheese,' an over-a-million seller published by Random House. The couple also worked together on 'Impossible Dogs and Troublesome Cats,' published by the American Heritage Press.

Random House also published Eric's 'Pop Up Book of Dogs' , . the 'Pop Up Book of Cats', and 'Someone is Eating the Sun'. Others of his books have been published by McGraw Hill and Random House.

Eric grew up in Canada, where every kid is a hockey fan, and his wild enthusiasm for the game has stayed with him. Included with this story are several of his hockey cartoons, great examples of the action which he gets into all of his drawings.

Eric lives in Westport, Connecticut.

Q: As I've told you on a number of occasions, Eric, it has always seemed remarkable to me that your cartoon animals are totally 'Gurney' and bear no resemblance to those of the Disney Studio where you spent 9 years. In so many cases, artists who have worked in animation for a long time have considerable difficulty in producing cartoons in anything other than the animation style.

A: Well, first of all, I hadn't had a formal art education so I considered Disney's as a school where I learned the cartoon tools which later enabled me to express things *my own way*. Which leads me to an important point: I have a very strong feeling that everybody has to make his own comments about life — this is the *vital* thing for me! If we're not ourselves, why are we here? I have great admiration for the art work of various people but I still don't want to copy them — although I might get thoughts from what they do, or their work might help me correct some of my mistakes. I've always told my children to be themselves — to be individuals in life and not to worry about how *I* might do something.

Most of my cartoons these days have to do with animals and these animal situations have to ring true — the motivation has got to feel true and the way the animals behave has got to be right so that the reader will associate the dog, for instance, that I've drawn with his own dog. If I've done the job right, we have a rapport together and a warm feeling is created. He'll say, "Oh boy — that's just like Rover!" I've been to movies where things are so forced that you can't really laugh — they've been based on a superficiality and they will never last. If a cartoonist becomes enchanted with his cartoon technique, and lets it control the situation, he ends up with a very shallow product. Speaking of movies, the best ones are those which are right down to the bone of the truth.

Q: I know there have been various factors which contributed to your skill in depicting those very funny animals of yours. For one thing, have you done a lot of sketching?

A: Yes, I have, and the sketches of the little Yorkshire Terrier you're including with this conversation are good examples of how you have to work. I generally have to start 4 or 5 different sketches all at the same time because an animal is constantly getting into a variety of positions. You dash off a few lines to capture the first attitude it gets into, feverishly scratch down something to catch the next position, maybe add a bit more to your first sketch if the animal returns to his first position, add some lines for still another attitude, etc. You keep starting a new sketch with each new antic of the animal, and keep going back to your first sketches to add something when the animal resumes a preceding pose for a second or two.

Sometimes I may just observe animals and what they do — for instance I've learned the crazy positions the various dogs and cats I've had around me get into, the wild things they do, and all their idiosyncrasies. I can't remember names very well but I do remember situations, and what animals do, very well. I may remember a person's animals and forget the name of their owner. Things that are very funny visually seem to be held in my mind and often, when I'm at the board, one of these remembrances seems to come out of my mind and onto the paper.

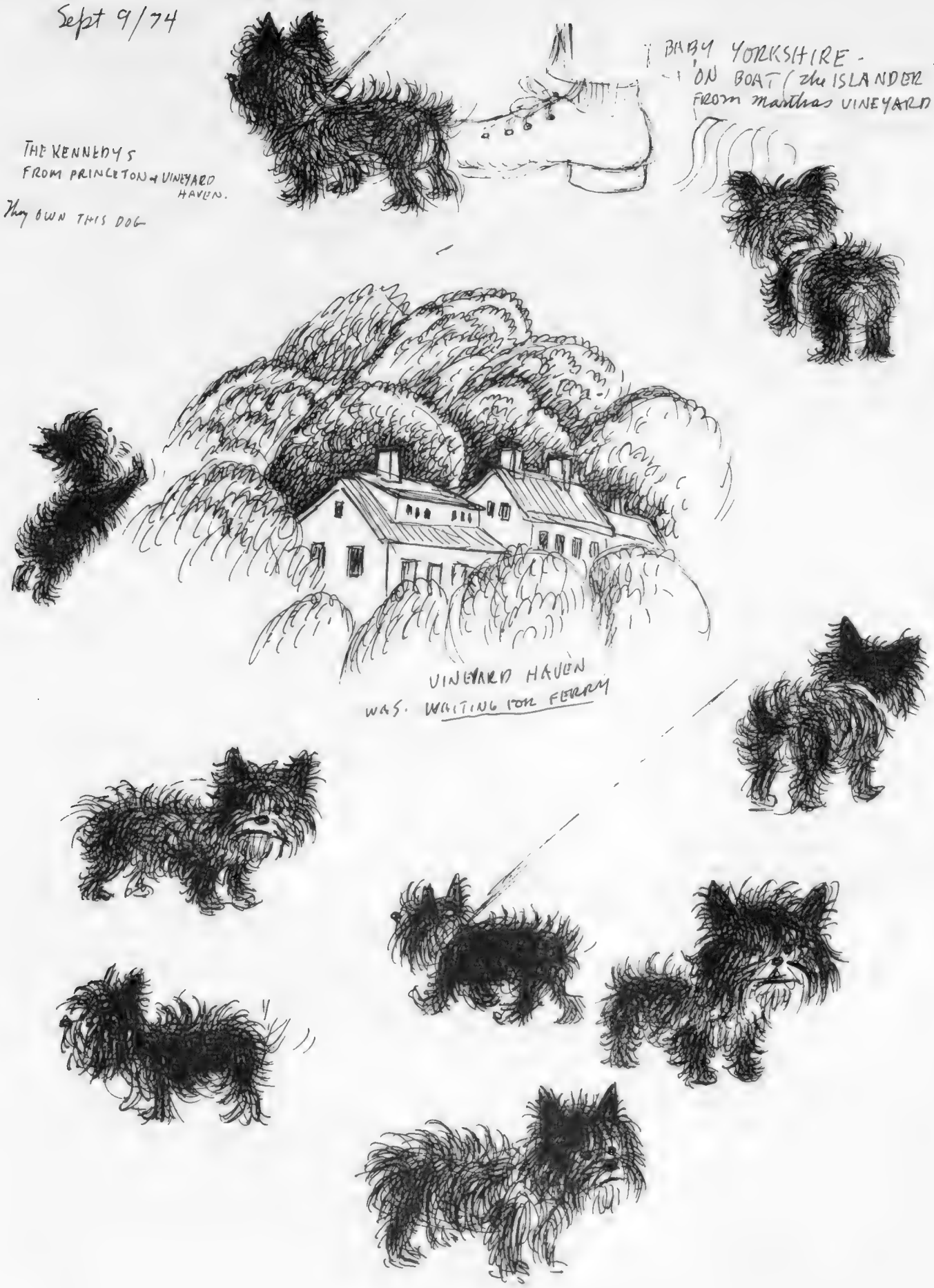
Q: You've been knee-deep in animals right along, haven't you?

A: Right — nowadays I have a 15-year-old dachshund and a couple of Siamese cats, but when my wife, Nancy was alive, we had a whole collection — cats, a German Shepherd, a parrot, etc. This Shepherd was a real nut — a wonderful animal — but so crazy about the car that it would leave footprints all over your face every time you opened the car door — really wild! There have been many occasions like the time my wife and I, 4 kids, 2 dogs, 4 cats, and a parrot started out to drive a big 4-wheel-drive Wagoneer with roof loaded, up to our house in Martha's Vineyard. We were quite a sight — with parrot swearing and dogs barking at every bump we'd go over! Another funny thing — I spent 60 bucks putting up a little fence between our living room and dining room when I was house-breaking the German Shepherd. The dog would leap right over the fence, dish in mouth, but to top it all off, there was a newspaper strike at the Times then! Imagine housebreaking a dog during a newspaper strike!

My son, Lance, who used to work with Marlin Perkins at the St. Louis Zoo, and who is now with the police force in that city, has a farm on which he keeps 6 leopards and a lion. It seems that a well-known animal trainer died and left the lion to him. Incidentally he's in public relations with the police department, and one of his duties is talking with the heads of various companies about the matter of protection of their properties. My daughter,

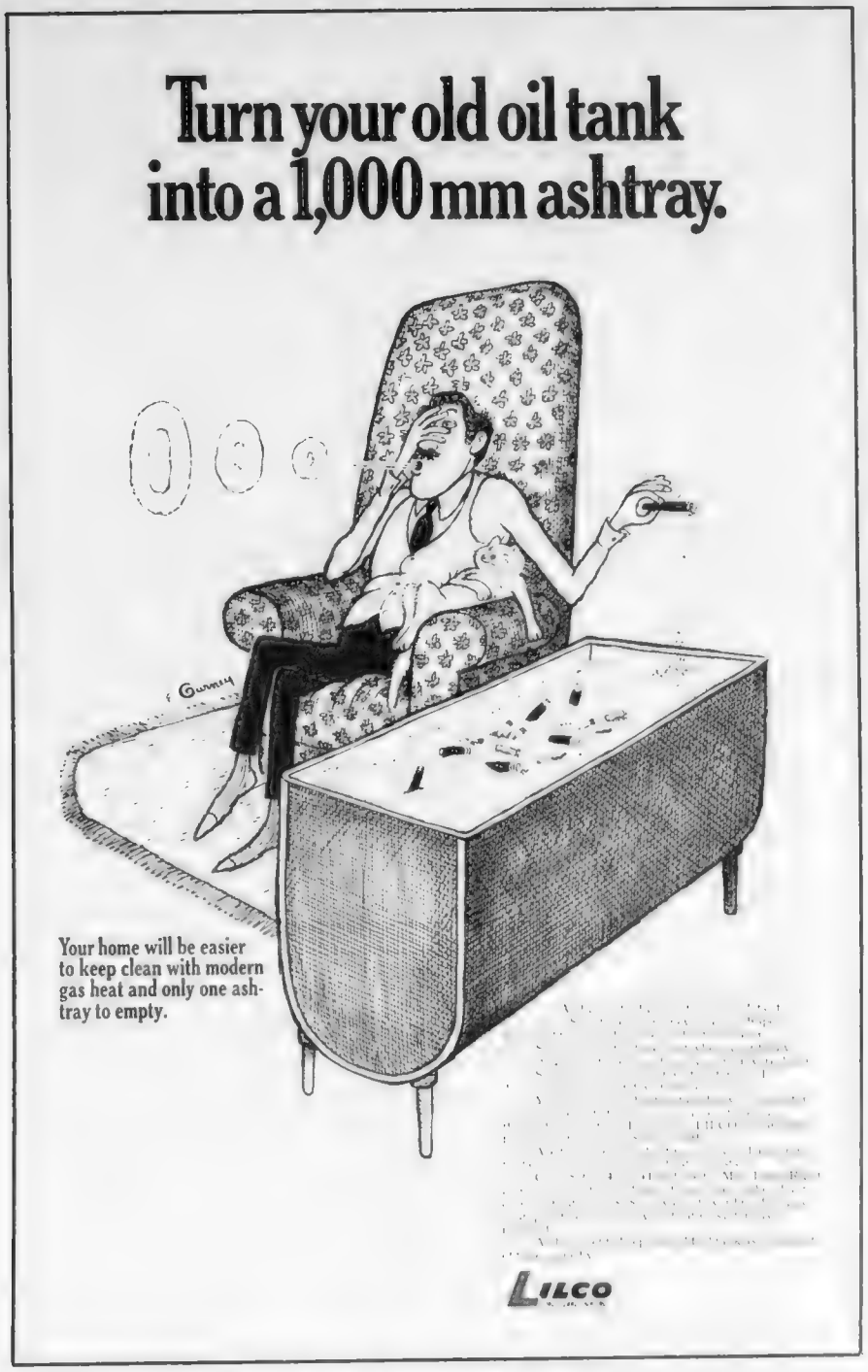
Dog cartoons from 'How to Live with a Neurotic Dog'. (Published by Prentice-Hall).

Cat cartoons from 'How to Live with a Calculating Cat'. (Published by Prentice-Hall).



From Eric Gurney's Sketchbook

From Eric Gurney's Sketchbook


Turn your old oil tank into a 1,000 mm ashtray.
Your home will be easier to keep clean with modern gas heat and only one ash-tray to empty.
Gurney
LILCO

Eric Gurney advertising cartoon

Eric with Cara

Lassie, has an Abyssinian cat and a dog, and Laurie has 2 dogs and 2 cats, one of which is a Siamese that walks like a Buckingham Palace Guard — gliding with his feet on the off-beat. Years ago we used to have Scottish Terriers. The girls bring their animals with them when they come to visit me.

Q: Could we have a little resume of how you wound up in cartooning ?

A: I was born in Winnipeg and soon after we moved to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. When I was about 6, we moved to Toronto where I went to elementary school, and later to a trade school rather than high school. However, in addition to some art classes, there were academic classes covering French, English, Math, etc.

Q: After that, I know you went to work for the T.Eaton Company, a Toronto department store similar to Macy's in New York, and that some experiences there contributed to your background in humorous work.

A: Yes — they were the originators of the Santa Claus Parade. I was in the display department and we did windows and interiors. But I got in on a lot of whimsical things at Eaton's — like the time 3 of us were 'The 3 Little Pigs', wearing huge paper-mache heads, in the parade. I can picture it still — a snowball whistling in — WHAM — right into the mouth of the Little Pig beside me! You never heard such blasphemy in your life as was coming out of that ruddy pig!!

Q: You went on your own for a while after that, didn't you?

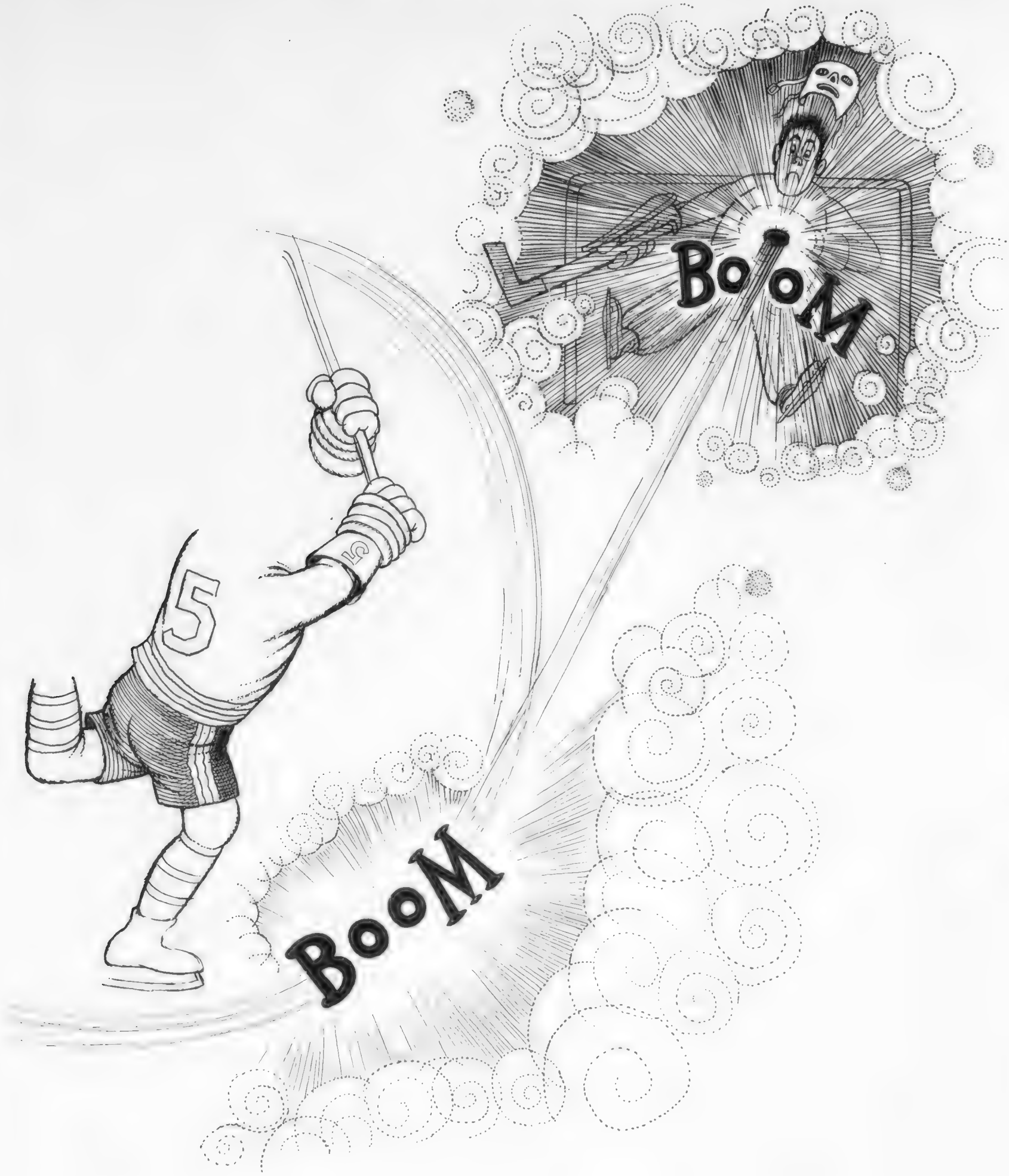
A: Yes — I shared space in the Star building with another artist, and finally a friend, Stan Norris (a brother of Len Norris, the editorial cartoonist for the Vancouver Sun), told me he'd seen an ad in Esquire, saying that the Disney Studios needed people. Stan had answered the ad but didn't think he could meet the qualifications, so just for the hell of it, I took the letter, answered it and sent some stuff out to California. Fortunately, I got a special delivery letter asking me to come out, and soon after I was offered a contract. But there was more to it than that — I had come to California as a visitor from Canada, and if I was going to work at Disney's I'd need a permanent visa. And that meant going out of the U.S. again, and re-entering with the proper credentials. I didn't have enough money to get to the nearest Canadian border in British Columbia, so I settled for Mexico and spent a while in one of the border towns since they don't rush these matters. Naturally I had to deal with the American Consul. While there I realized the power of a drawing in a very funny way. One day I went into a Mexican restaurant, ordered something with a flourish, and after I'd eaten it, I felt that I'd swallowed a blowtorch! The next day I was wiser and made a drawing of bacon and eggs after I entered the eatery. For the next week, the waiter would take my drawing into the kitchen, and come back with bacon and eggs. Finally, one day he leaned over to me and said, "You draw exceptionally well!" I thought I was going to come unglued! A German chap who'd been a director in Germany gave me $20 one day and said, "Eric, you'll be needing this — pay me back when you get to Hollywood."

Q: Your cartoons have so much action in them — your experience at Disney's helped a lot in that direction, didn't it?

A: Once you've worked at an animation studio you have a great understanding about action that a lot of other illustrators will never have. I've seen drawings that were probably

Gurney occasionally does huge color paintings (perhaps six feet in width) of various animals. Naturally, these small black and white reproductions don't do them justice.

MAURICE (ROCKET) RICHARD



We persuaded Gurney to let our readers see this partially-completed hockey cartoon.

adapted from photos of a horse in action, and the artist didn't even pick out the extremes of the action — he picked out a half-way step to refer to and the finished drawing didn't come off the way it would if he had understood squashes and stretches. The very first thing we did at the studio was the metronome test. Until you study the action of the pendulum carefully, you don't realize that it starts out slow from a start position, then goes fast, then slows in, slows out, etc.

Then we had the test in which you try to draw the bounce of a pingpong ball correctly. At first the one I drew looked like a spider with a match under it! Then they showed us movies, frame by frame, of a ball bouncing and you could see just what happened. That ball was going like mad as it soared up into the air, and then dropped from the arch, but the moment it hit the ground it went into a little bit of a squashed position. Then it comes out of this slowly and into the next bounce. Through these and other tests we learned the way forms would elongate and stretch and squash, so that when I'm drawing animals running these days, I try to keep all of this in mind, and to relate back to these basic principles I learned.

There's a funny little story connected with George Baker who became famous with his 'Sad Sack' cartoons during World War II. George was at Disney's when I was and when he did the pingpong test he started to animate the ball bouncing, but before he really got into the action, he drew a big medicine ball coming into the picture and squashing the pingpong ball. Years later, at Yank magazine, he'd always show the top brass coming into a scene and squashing Sad Sack. Little did he realize it in those earlier years but apparently this was his philosophy.

Q: Should an aspiring cartoonist go to an art school?

A: It depends on the school. Some are very strong on technique, whereas I believe that technique should be just a secondary thing. Some schools have a tendency to brainwash people and the student comes out with the technique cliches that the school emphasized. The important thing is to pick a good art college that will give you such a good basic training that you've got the tools.

Q: As we said earlier, you were at Disney's for 9 years, weren't you?

A: I spent a couple of years as an inbetweener and then they put me in the story department where I did ideas for Pluto features in storyboard form. One had to do a certain number of these ideas each year. Periodically, they'd put me on some special feature such as "Peter and the Wolf" and "Casey at the Bat." During the 9 years — 1938-1947 — at Disney's, two of our children — Lance and Laurie — were born in Hollywood. Finally I decided that I couldn't stand being in a big company any more so we moved to Connecticut in 1947. Our other two kids — Lassie and Lorna — were born in the east. At Disney's I chalked up credits on about 20 films.

In New York I did advertising cartoons for the Texaco Oil Company, Ethyl Gas, Southern Railway, for the Cunningham & Walsh advertising agency and for BBD & O. Then I did a lot of cartoon illustrations for Colliers, Saturday Evening Post, Look, Life, Readers Digest and Outdoor Life. And I believe you're going to mention the various books I've done in your introduction to our conversation.

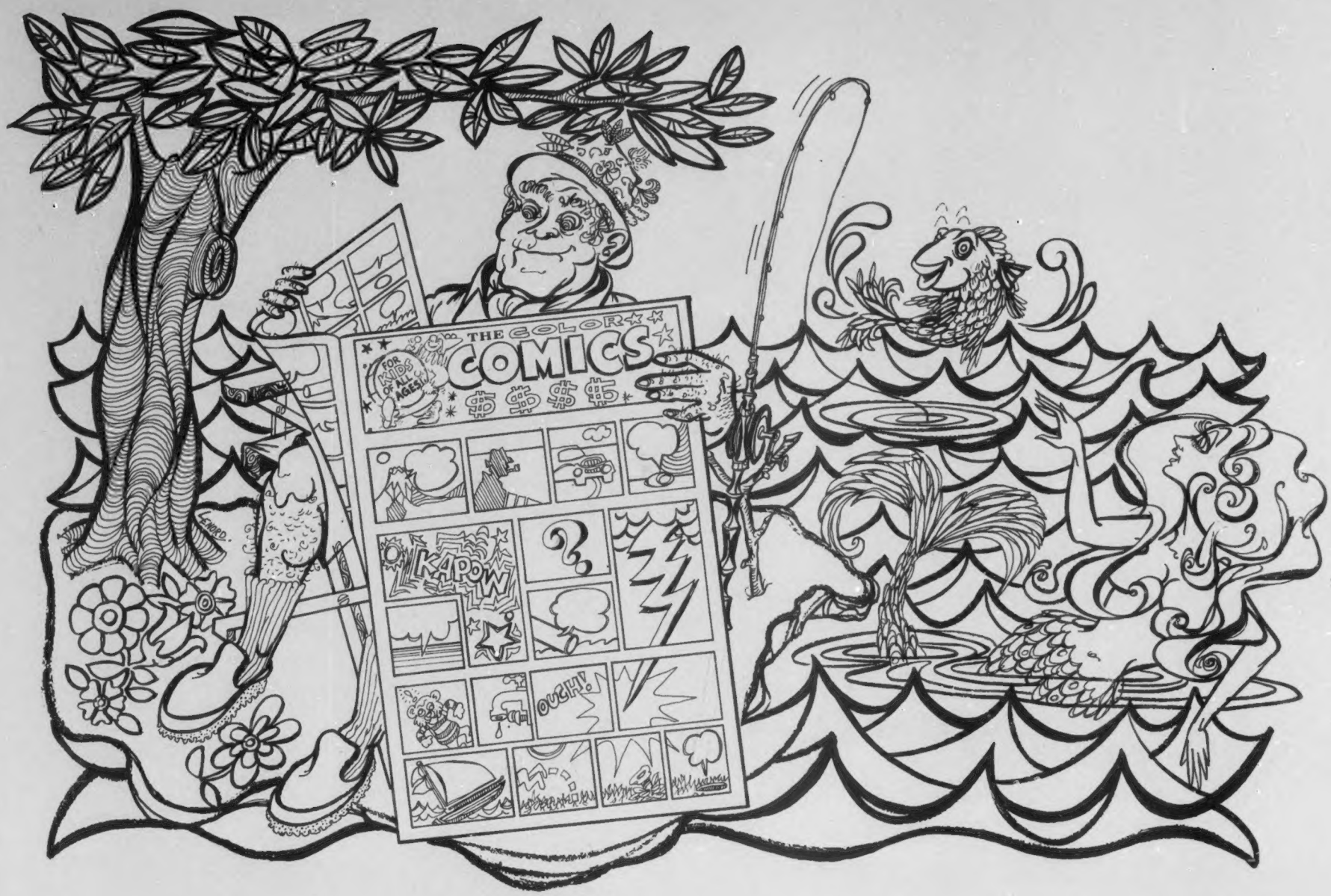
Closing caboose doors in trains usually injures one's fingers but in this safety poster for Southern Railway I thought a bandaged nose would make a more amusing visual and also have a stronger impact on the viewer.

Q: Speaking of materials for just a moment, you have a slightly different method of arriving at a finished drawing, don't you?

A: When I'm beginning a book, I'll probably make a lot of little thumbnail sketches till I know that things are flowing properly. Then I'll start my first illustration in pencil on a sheet of layout pad paper. I work with a blue Scripto pencil because I like the feeling and the slight drag this lead has on the paper. If the finish is to be just a black and white pen and ink drawing, I may ink it up right on the layout sheet. However if color is to be added, I *dry-mount* this thin sheet on a stiff board. Otherwise the layout sheet would crinkle up if I tried to add color without dry-mounting.

Q: Do you have any final words of advice for aspiring cartoonists?

A: I think it's so wrong to look at a cartoon as something with purely commercial values because some of our greatest artists never did very well commercially. I'm never concerned with surveys which indicate what types of cartoons are currently most salable. A cartoonist should project his own true and special outlook on life — that's the only method that's really worthwhile. Thinking back, sometimes depression years, when there wasn't too much art work available, were years when I did more thinking, and out of that probably came some of my better thoughts. You need time for *input*, and by that I mean time spent mixing around with people, talking with them, time spent with nature, time just thinking. If you sit with your nose in the drawing board all the time, you may do too much work, spread yourself too thin, and your end product won't be nearly as good. ●



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